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MARXIST HISTORY

IT is curious to consider how Marxist history and criticism have grown up separately from the rest of modern thought.

Marxism has now been developing and spreading for something like seventy years; it is now an international culture just reaching its phase of full maturity. It is apparently the only really vital intellectual movement in the western world. Yet all the rest of our literature and learning still put up their barriers against it. The old bourgeois culture does not know about it; or if it does know about it, ignores it; or, if it speaks of it, misrepresents it. Nothing seems to me to bear out more convincingly the Marxists' own contention as to the influence of class interests on people's opinions than the way in which the bourgeois writers on history, economics, politics, literature and art refuse to read the Marxist books even for the purpose of condemning them, will not discuss the Marxist ideas even to point out their fallacies, and manage to leave the great Marxists out of their cosmoses in spite of the fact that, however much one may disapprove of them, they must certainly be recognised as among the great geniuses and leaders of the time.

I have recently had striking experience of this in the case of three highly intelligent friends of mine, all professional historians or critics, who have taken the most violent exception to recent articles of mine on Marxism. One of them is a brilliant music critic with whom I have for many years been in the habit of conversing about literature and life on what seemed to be a basis of generally sympathetic points of view. Now, however, when I go to see him, scarcely am I inside the door when I am greeted with complaints and reproaches. What he reproaches me with particularly is the attempt to degrade art by relating it to the social situation of the artist when it ought properly to be regarded as a creation entirely spiritual, having its existence on a superterrestrial plane.

Now the truth is that all these years my friend has known perfectly well that I saw a connection between works of art and the environments in which they were produced, and that he himself has also seen this connection. We have frequently had engrossing discussions of the role played in the work of various artists by the factors of period, nation, race, and social status; and, as a matter of fact, it was precisely the early essays of this writer which first made me see the relation of music to the age and environment of the composer. My friend, I think, had been influenced by Taine—at any rate, he admired Taine and pursued a method which somewhat recalled Taine's and which set him off rather sharply from his immediate predecessor, Huneker. He could perfectly understand and accept Taine's "race, milieu and moment" for any moment of the past or for any milieu of the present inside the bourgeois cultural sphere. But when it came to an objective consideration of the influence on modern art of the fundamental social differences and conflicts of the present, he abandoned his Tainian approach and ascended into realms of aesthetic metaphysics where I found it very difficult to follow him.

Another writer, an able historian of nineteenth- and twentieth-century America, has recently taken me to task in print for what he considers a betrayal of art for politics. Yet he has himself in the past been largely preoccupied with politics. He is the author of several valuable political histories, and I had always assumed that he considered—as I certainly do—the writing of history an art. I had been aiming myself, in the articles to which he objected, at writing a little contemporary history. But the point is apparently that though it is legitimate to write the history of Populism, for example, or of bourgeois municipal reform, it is not legitimate to write the story of contemporary labour agitation which raises questions of Marxist theory. He further accused me—one of the commonest defences against Marxism—of having accepted Communism as a "religion." And he concluded with what seemed to me the hysterical statement that for his part he preferred the companionship of such "jailbirds" as Dostoevsky, Cervantes, Defoe, and E. E. Cummings—though so far as I know I have never written a word, and should under no circumstances consent to write a word, calculated to discourage or dissuade him from consorting with these high spirits; and though, if jail be the test of the élite, it is equally true that Lenin and Trotsky and W. Z. Foster have all had their doses of prison.

A third writer, an Irish woman of unusual range of reading, social experience and travel, has also criticised articles of mine severely from the point of view of an ignorance of Marxism and of a misunderstanding of what I was trying to say, which seemed to me at first amazing on the part of one who had grown up in the midst of Irish politics and who had taken part in the Irish rebellion against English cultural domination. Yet the point was here again that it is one thing to understand, to share, the Irish grievances against England, another to understand, to think out one's relation to, the struggle between capitalism and the classes it is dispossessing. When I last saw my Irish friend, she mentioned as if with impatience that the chief question that the young people of Ireland seemed to be interested in today was the electrification of the Shannon. The Irish of her generation are like our Southerners in that they are all the farther from recognising the urgency of the problems of the transition to a socialistic from a capitalistic society because they are only just coming to recognise the problems of the transition to an industrial society from an old-fashioned agrarian one.

All three of these people, of course, have recognised the French Revolution—they have recognised the American revolution. They understand and are ready to appreciate the eighteenth-century enlightenment which led up to them. They are themselves partly the products of that enlightenment, still carrying on more or less its tradition. But they have never really accepted the Russian revolution, and they will not see that the culture of Marxism corresponds in our own time to the culture of the French enlightenment in it. As that lit the way for the rising bourgeoisie about to seize political power, so Marxism prepares for Socialism and the classless society of the future.

Marxism is, then, not a religion, though *Das Kapital* is the Bible of warring sects and though Communism has tended to call forth the qualities, emotions and types of character which have been identified with religions in the past. It is not a fixed body of dogma. It is not a diabolical conspiracy for substituting propaganda for art. The work of art is a work of art for the Marxist as for the non-Marxist—though he may also interest himself in examining it, as the non-Marxist will not do, as a record of the needs

which have evoked it, as the botanist and the ornithologist must examine even the most beautiful birds and flowers. What Marxism is, is a scientific point of view which schools itself to be independent of class in order that it may for the first time in the history of thought study society and culture realistically in the light of the relationships of classes. The eighteenth-century philosophers were utopians who had never really studied economics and who thought that the general good will of men would be enough to promote general prosperity. The Marxist has a more realistic grasp: he has had time to study revolutions and the things that happen after them, and he has worked out a veritable engineer's technique for analysing society and manipulating its various forces. But the intellectual work of Marxism, like its political work, is far from finished. It has many discoveries still to make, and it must be flexible and daring to make them. Whatever official formulas may be put forward by the present regime in Russia or anyone else, Marxism is not an official set of formulas, but a new vision of human life and a new method of dealing with it. This is what you learn from reading the great Marxists: Marx and Engels, Lenin and Trotsky—though it is not always what you gather from their disciples.

From the point of view of intellectual controversy, it is one of the unfortunate features of Marxism that the Marxist can always blackmail the non-Marxist. When the heretic or suspected witch failed to give the answer desired, the inquisitor could always say: "The devil put that into your mouth!" The Marxist can always reply: "Your income—or your social habits—made you say that!" (The amateur psycho-analyst can do the same thing, for that matter.) And it is true that Marxism may be exploited as a cheap way of always appearing to be right or simply of making oneself disagreeable with a semblance of justification. This situation will not, however, deter me from saying that I can see no sound philosophical reason why middle-class readers and writers of unusually wide culture such as the persons I have mentioned above, should ignore the great creative force of Marxism and denounce for all the stupidest extravagances of Marxists another middle-class writer like myself who tries to call attention to it.

The result is, at any rate, that Marxism remains, as I have said, largely in a separate compartment from the rest of contemporary culture. The two streams run parallel to one another, the latter slackening its current as the former gathers power. There are a certain number of people, to be sure, who try to make the best of both worlds, who try to apply Marxist technique within such limits that it will not lead to any disquieting conclusions. For example, Charles A. Beard, who is said to regard Marx's *Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte* as one of the most brilliant historical analyses he has ever read, could scarcely have written his history if the author of *The Eighteenth Brumaire* had never existed; yet he hardly ever writes an article nowadays about the embarrassments of the present day without expressly repudiating Marxism. But the position of people of this kind is uncomfortable. In general, it is surprising how promptly the writers are lining up in one or other of the two camps, and how readily their antagonisms are developing.

I do not mean in the least that all the good writers are coming into the Marxist camp. The Marxists are far from all being geniuses, and some of our best writers are far from Marxism and, from all appearances, likely to remain so. Marxism is not a touchstone for artistic or intellectual or moral excellence. But if we compared those men of genius outside it with those whom it has inspired, we should recognise it—if we had no other means—as the great political-intellectual movement of the time. That other world is dying at the end of its blind alley; but this other, just coming to maturity, has its immense creative work to do.

Edmund Wilson.

THE MOTH

Till June was over
And nesting done,
And new flowers crowded
Old flowers away,
My pretty lover
With love unclouded
Made sweet the moth-light
And sweet the day.

Teach me, O sages,
Imagined worth;
Yield me some treasure
Of simple guile,
Whereof the gauge is
Ordained to measure
True faith from beauty—
Womanhood's wile.

In times unclouded
A cloud was born;
Love is a rover,
Yet roved not I;
New flowers crowded,
My June was over,
And only the moths
Came flitting by.

A. E. Coppard.

NEW NOVELS

Peking Picnic. By Ann Bridge. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Dove and Roebuck. By Ena Limebeer. Dent. 6s.

Luxury Liner. Gina Kaus. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

The Laughing Pioneer. Paul Green. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The Child of Ward IV. Hertha von Gebhardt. Translated by Margaret Goldsmith. Arthur Barker. 7s. 6d.

We all have our good and bad "sitters." Ibsen, Mr. Shaw, Tchekov and many others will pose like angels—or rather bronzes—for Mr. MacCarthy, whereas D. H. Lawrence always fidgets for him. We all know—and repeat it to ourselves—that subject is nothing and treatment everything, but our repudiated prejudices creep in, if not after, certainly before the fact.

I know those great businesses with the personalities of super men, continuous generations that develop as slowly in print as they do in life, the highly coloured squalor, the strolling players: these delightful vagabonds are not for me—therefore they compel me to do them more than justice.

But with an inherent distrust of the picturesque I have my two weaknesses: China and South Africa. It may, of course, be Mrs. Buck and Miss Stone, Olive Schreiner, Mrs. Sarah Gertrude Millin and Miss Pauline Smith, but if this be so the tribute is all the greater: they have rendered their territory for ever fertile, eternally alive with anticipation. Expecting much—in fact disappointment—I found *Peking Picnic* a continuous exquisite pleasure. "It can't go on being as good as this," you say to yourself, but actually it goes on getting better and better, as subtle and entertaining as it was at the beginning, but always more various and more profound. In so many novels that start well the stream contracts and evaporates as the river flows onward. Without ever clutching, Miss Bridge never loosens her hold either on her characters or on her story. It is rare to find so much delicacy and insight, so many lights and shadows, never arresting the movement of the narrative. There is a perfect harmony between external and internal events. Actions and action contribute to—and are contributed to by—the characters.

A party of diplomats—English, American, French—decide to visit certain shrines. The decision is as haphazard as most of our inspired plans tend to be. But human beings defy the laws of competent catering. All of the characters burst the bonds of their menu. Each one not only comes to life but to some

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"It will certainly be remembered by reviewers when many novels of the year are forgotten." *Yorkshire Post.* 7/6

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"The possessor of an unusual intelligent and cultured mind . . . . this very attractive story." *Spectator.* 7/6

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newly discovered—and quite inevitable—(this is Miss Bridge's great triumph) way of living.

Laura Leroy and China divide the honours. Laura is a beautifully drawn character with her humour, her integrity, her awareness and her dreams. Her touch on life is the touch of perfect spiritual taste. She is never altogether at rest with her fate because, when she is in China, England and her children are battering on her nerves and invading her emotions. Whereas when she is in England, China avenges herself by doing the same thing. It is not a question of divided loyalties—Miss Bridge is too subtle for that—but of the tugging torments of half-acknowledged allegiances. It is through Mrs. Leroy's eyes that the brown-paper landscape lives for us and blossoms, and that more than ever before Chinese art "carries truth like an arrow or a pang."

But Laura is by no means the whole picnic. There is the professor who falls in love with her, the military attaché and his wife, the French secretary, Miss Hand, the American novelist, her two nieces. The girl Annette is a particularly profound study of the curiously American peculiarity of studying, and to a certain extent understanding, books without being able to react in any way to life; life always remaining in the flat and never resolving itself into the quick and changing solutions which even quite stupid Europeans make and recognise all the time. Miss Bridge has also succeeded in giving a ne'er-do-well charm and reality. Derek Fitzmaurice's personality is woven of the strands of semi-abandoned fastidiousness—the fabric of which so many so-called "rotters" are made. I should perhaps add that *Peking Picnic* contains also bandits and local colour. But as the bandits are bandits the word hardly seems to convey their reality, and in the same way "local colour," seems a ridiculous phrase to use about the description of a country which leaves a flavour in your mouth and a scent in your nostrils.

The *Dove and Roebuck* is extremely deliberate, yet one doubts whether Miss Limebeer had altogether made up her mind about what she was going to do. Perhaps like so many of us she omitted to rewrite—and scrap—her first chapters after her theme entangled her.

She begins with the description of the village. Her prose is brilliant and brittle without a single rubato phrase. At times it is as tiring as the flickering, involuntary lights of a worn copy of a film. Also throughout the book there is too much "we" and "one," given the fact that the narrator never appears. The first half, though almost completely divorced from the second half, contains excellent things: "Why speak of the wishes and dreams of youth when reality is so ill-regarded? . . . Mrs. Steel spent her days, removing herself hourly from any hope of salvation by a life so vitiated, a creed so emasculated it was a wonder she was able to survive the days at all. There was nothing to which she did not immediately apply some theory, no incident which she did not completely misread, no sentiment she did not over-cherish, no happiness she did not devoutly suspect, no sorrow she did not eagerly embrace."

This is excellent but it has little to do with what Miss Limebeer is about to tell us. Her shrewdness ("it is difficult to forget a sorrow simply because a more practical solution to one's difficulties is available") is an interruption rather than an addition to her theme.

Lou is a harlot—for once, thank God, a harlot without a heart of gold. She is also, in the eyes of her creator, a Lorelei. Distinctive, dominant and destructive, she brings with her life and ruin. In the second part of the book Miss Limebeer chants with a somewhat self-conscious—but always unrelieved—lyrical intensity, reaching at times something of the quality of Mary Webb:

"But as the darkness shuts off all normal stimulus to certain qualities in the mind, leaving the channels of the inner consciousness sore and exposed, down which the personality runs headlong, so acts the curious influence of love . . . Say her cheeks are tenderness, they are not the peach or the rose, they are the flowering of generosity, the faint intangible beauty of man's better feelings. Say her eyes are skies, they are not stars or lakes or flowers; they are the sum contents of the air around, they are the blueness of the earths themselves, the light seraphic breathing of twin wandering globes. Say her lips are blood—they are not roses, pinks, or any things: it is the water of life they hold, the heart of anxiety, the prayer for an answer, the cry—cry to the beloved. For there the answer hangs, spent arrows in a forest glade, shot bolts upon a closing door."

The weakness of Miss Limebeer's book lies in the fact that each balloon is blown up with her own breath and tied with her own string.

The *Dove and Roebuck* is the creditable failure of a remarkable and rightly ambitious writer. *Luxury Liner* is *Grand Hotel* transferred to the sea and removed from the occasional torments of psychology. We meet—most agreeably—a number of acquaintances (acquaintances in fiction) who, without unduly tugging at our emotions, entertain us as much and as easily as fellow-passengers should do. We recognise the wireless operator delivering messages of world importance while only waiting for news of his sick child, the millionaire, the aristocratic beauty who means to sell herself but falls in love instead, the singer, the philosopher (third class), the scientist (second class), the doctor, the small business man, etc., etc. The end, though a trifle tidy, is agreeable.

In fact a reviewer's holiday.

The Laughing Pioneer describes life in a southern State of North America where a middle-aged aristocratic lady loves—without, apparently, his knowing it—a guitar-playing farm hand. The Klan seeing only sin (it is a monotonous life) where the reader is meant to see only beauty, drives the woman out of her mind. The theme demands poetry and tension. These, unfortunately, are lacking. Mr. Green provides quiet competence and impeccable taste.

The Child of Ward IV is so delicately attuned to psychological vibrations that there comes a moment when the reader demands more. Johanna—a beautiful character—"felt as light as air, in that curious state between despair and exaltation which seems to suspend human beings in a vacuum, and causes them, breathlessly, to reach out their hands, hungry for ordinary happiness and a rest from happiness . . ." There is not a false note from start to finish (the translation is exquisite) and perhaps it is ungracious to feel that from bending your ears to catch so many hushed notes an ultimate feeling of weariness descends upon the listener.

Elizabeth Bibesco.

PROBLEMS OF EDUCATION

Education and the Social Order. By Bertrand Russell. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d.

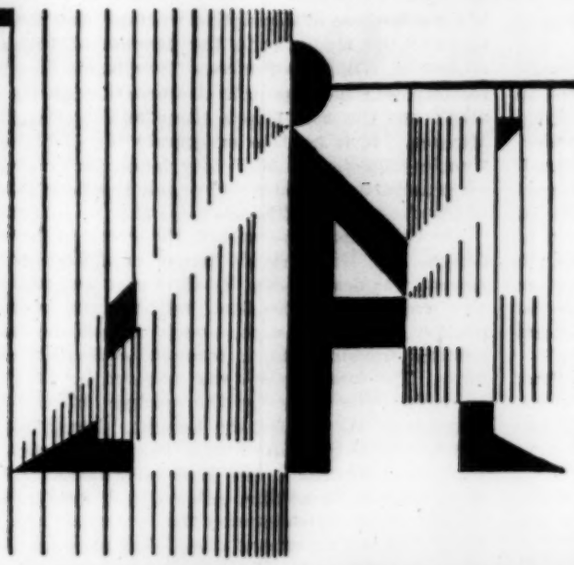
This book is excellent propaganda. Like most propagandists, Mr. Russell is subtle to detect the psychological weakness of his opponents, but sometimes bland to his own. His book is full of vulnerable things.

> Conservatives as Imperialists lay stress on heredity because they belong to the white race but are rather uneducated. Radicals lay stress on education because it is potentially democratic . . .
>
> The town-dweller has, instead (of patriotism), a sentiment largely artificial, largely the product of his education and his newspapers.
>
> Progressive educators . . . have been inclined to generate self-importance in the child, and to let him feel himself a little aristocrat whom adults must serve.

And the whole of the chapter on class feeling in education shows Mr. Russell as a brilliant critic, from an intellectual standpoint. For he is a propagandist for disinterested curiosity, the promotion of rational enquiry. One is tempted to feel that that is all he really does care about, that his only reason for disliking injustice is that it makes research difficult. "If a conquering dogmatic Marxism were to replace Christianity, it might be as great an obstacle to scientific progress as Christianity has been."

There is to be a ruling class, but it is to be a class of the clever boys who will be educated apart. As the cognitive part of man is the basis of his excellence, the only mortal sin is to be closed to argument, or to teach doctrines which cannot be intellectually proved.

It is curious that Mr. Russell should be drawn to Communism, because he does not give the impression of liking community life very much. The physical presence of other people hinders thinking, and he would hate that. He says rightly that "science has so altered our technique as to make the world one economic unit" but omits to say that this has no connection with the psychological unit, to point out that Nationalism fails not because the nation is too small a group but because it is too large. It would be presumptuous of me to pretend to know what the proletariat think about Communism; but its increasing attraction for the bourgeois lies in its demand for self-surrender for those individuals who, isolated, feel themselves emotionally at sea. Does Mr. Russell never contemplate the possibility that intellectual



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curiosity is neurotic, a compensation for those isolated from a social group, sexually starved, or physically weak?

In his treatment of sex and of religion he hates, not only the wrong kind of mystery, but any mystery, all that cannot be reduced to rational proportions or test tube knowledge. Knowledge will save the lover and the worshipper. All that is not understandable is "childish emotion." The trouble is that Mr. Russell refuses to admit that man's nature is dual, and that each part of him has its own conception of justice and morality. In his passionate nature man wants lordship, to live in a relation of power with others, to obey and to command, to strut and to swagger. He desires mystery and glory. In his cerebral nature he cares for none of these things. He wants to know and be gentle; he feels his other passionate nature is frightening and cruel.

The liberal methods of education are far better for the latter; whether they are as satisfying to the former as the old methods, with all their grave faults, is more doubtful. Liberals like Mr. Russell hate aristocracy and would substitute bureaucracy, since they hate personal power because of its frequent cruelty. The danger is, though, that, destroying it, man will grow dingy, society a collection of rentiers governed by an intellectual watch committee; instead of the terror, the spiritual bully.

Education, whatever it pretend, can do nothing for the individual; it is always social. The growth of an individual cannot be planned; it is the outcome of passionate relationships (hence the importance of the family. All the criticisms levelled at it are just and yet, as Mr. Russell bravely admits, we cannot picture the world without it), and these exist under any society or system of education. Kropotkin owed as much to the *Corps des pages* as to anything else.

The failure of modern education lies not in its attention to individual needs, nor to methods, nor even to the moral ideals it preaches, but in the fact that nobody genuinely believes in our society, for which the children are being trained. All books—and this is one of them—which help to make people conscious of this lack of belief are valuable and should be read.

W. H. Auden.

THE REIGN OF ANNE

Ramillies and the Union with Scotland. By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans. 21s.

Professor Trevelyan may well be tired of hearing references to his great-uncle. But he must hear one more. "What would we not give," said Dean Milman, "for Macaulay's Queen Anne?" When we say that we would give this book, but not much more, we mean a high compliment: for of all the unwritten histories of our imagination, Macaulay's Anne appears to us the greatest. The theme would have suited him even better than William. The precarious equilibrium of the Revolution settlement, the court intrigues, the war of pamphlets, the hesitations and "hedgings" of cautious statesmen, the fury of faction, the strange paradox that the Union with Scotland took place when the two nations detested and feared each other worse than they had done since the days of Bruce, and the final peaceful accession of the House of Hanover—all this offered him a canvas on which he would have painted a most exciting picture.

Yet in some most important respects Professor Trevelyan has a distinct superiority. Apart from the advantage of coming later, he is a better psychologist than Macaulay. He can understand the men who, not knowing what the morrow might bring forth, made their arrangements accordingly, and kept a foot in both camps. To Macaulay, absolutely incorruptible himself, and living in less trying times, the path of duty was clear; he did not make sufficient allowance for those who, finding it rough and dubious, steer now to the right and now to the left. Hence his judgments of the Russells and the Marlboroughs in one age, as of the Bacons and Cranmers in another, are worse than harsh—they are unintelligent. In Professor Trevelyan's hands such men take on a more human guise, and his portrait of Marlborough, in particular, without being mere eulogy, is so sympathetic that we see that great and magnanimous man, with all his imperfections, perhaps more nearly as he was than ever before.

Another point of superiority may be called, in the terms of statics, a "mechanical advantage," like that which modern writers have over ancient in being able to put digressions into appendices, and quotations within inverted commas. Macaulay's History has no maps, no diagrams, no illustrations. His London is a masterpiece of descriptive writing; but there are no plans to guide the reader as to the assaults of Luxemburg or the retreat of William. Professor Trevelyan's Ramillies is also a masterpiece; but it gains in clearness through the accompanying map; and the same help is given for Gibraltar, Oudenarde and Minorca. It is hard to exaggerate the utility of these aids: "oculis subjecta fidelibus," they double the vividness of the most vivid narrative. What would we not give for a Thucydidean map of the siege-works of Nicias?

The title-page of this volume, the second of the series, shows its design. By Ramillies all danger of a Bourbon hegemony of Europe was destroyed; by the Union an even greater danger was averted, that Scotland might again become an enemy country, or—almost worse—might have to be compelled into a nominal friendship by a renewed application of Cromwellian force. The former result was achieved by the genius of Marlborough; the latter by the wisdom of statesmen in both kingdoms. We still feel the benefits, though we are too prone to forget to be grateful to those who did the work. Queen Anne is proverbially dead: there is no ruler whose reign has had more living effects. In her first public speech she expressed her desire for the Union which secured the Protestant succession in Scotland; her last act was to secure that succession in England by choosing the minister who was pledged to maintain it.

The reign, and especially the portion here covered, is rich in dramatic events, which give Professor Trevelyan the opportunity of exercising his great narrative gifts. In the painful story of Captain Green of the *Worcester* he touches the magic shield of Sir Walter himself, and does not come off second in the encounter. Not less vigorous is his tale of the first siege of Gibraltar, a siege as vigorous as that sustained by Eliot in 1779, though less famous or momentous. Here Professor Trevelyan seizes his chance of doing justice to Admiral Leake, a sailor to whom England owes more than to many whom she has chosen to remember more faithfully. The siege and capture of Lille make another purple patch. But perhaps more valuable, as they are harder to write and need wider research, are the chapters dealing with Scottish life, character, and religion: chapters full of knowledge and marked throughout by sympathetic comprehension. The ordinary reader knows something of this from the *Black Dwarf* and the *Bride of Lammermoor*; but even the scholar will learn much from these pages.

After Oudenarde and Almanza it was unquestionably the duty of the Allies to make peace. The one had shown what could be attained by war, the other what could not. The chance was lost by haggling over a single clause of the proposed terms. The result was that six years of glory and prosperity were succeeded by six of confused intrigues, of victories worse than defeats, of "dodges and palterings," ending in a peace no more advantageous than what could have been secured years before, and stained by disgraceful treacheries. We look forward with eagerness to Professor Trevelyan's account of these most memorable years.

E. E. Kellett.

VARIATIONS ON A MOOD

Ten Letter Writers. By Lyn Ll. Irvine. Hogarth Press. 8s. 6d.

A FitzGerald Friendship; Being Hitherto Unpublished Letters from Edward FitzGerald to W. B. Donne. Faber and Faber. 15s.

The key to Miss Irvine's book is in the title. She has not wished to compile another disquisition on letters and letter-writers, but has chosen ten *virtuosi* who appeal to her temperamentally and out of whom she can make a sort of unity. She has in fact written ten short biographies, which she illustrates from the author's letters; and to this she adds a general introduction. This gives the book a *raison d'être*, and makes it different from ordinary chit-chat. *Ten Letter Writers* is controlled by an alert and trained intelligence. Miss Irvine has really studied her subjects and her quotations have the freshness of quotations chosen to illustrate their purpose. They are biographical, not impressionist.

But we must come to the ten letter writers. They are: Mme. de Sevigné, Dorothy Osborne, Swift, Mme. du Deffand, Horace Walpole, Cowper, Lady Bessborough, Lamb, Mrs. Carlyle and Mérimée. Half these writers were women; Walpole and Cowper were both half-women: Lamb was almost an invalid and resembles Cowper, in the sense that, with the fear of going

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mad, he played about, in his correspondence at any rate, with the superficial things of life. Mérimée was masculine enough. But Miss Irvine, less successful with him than with her other subjects, has tamed this Stendhalian egoist, with his dandyism, his atheism and his *culte du moi* to fit him into her scheme. Swift certainly was sufficiently thorough-going. But his *Journal to Stella* is emphatically a journal, not a letter, while Ball's edition of Swift's correspondence reveals him as everything except a great letter-writer.

Miss Irvine has a point of view. Letter-writing is essentially a feminine occupation: most women, either by nature or training, lack the continuous concentration necessary to produce a long work of art, be it *The Decline and Fall*, or *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. There is no reason why Mme. du Deffand and Mrs. Carlyle should not have written books, had they wanted to; but they knew their limitations. *Ten Letter Writers* is a trifle lady-like and not very youthful. Mme. du Deffand, Walpole, and Cowper hardly ever seem to have been young, and though Dorothy Osborne, from posterity's point of view, was never anything else, she led a secluded life and was never noted for high spirits. For Miss Irvine the ideal letter-writer is rather unhappy, preferably growing rather old, generally tied to one place, and, if possible, suffering from some physical defect or painful malady. At best she is secluded and vaguely thwarted.

How admirably Miss Irvine writes about Dorothy Osborne! In a phrase, she lights up the life of Cowper—"Surrounded as he was with men and women worshipping God as placidly as sheep crop the turf." It could not be better done, while her insight into Mme. du Deffand, a romantic spirit in a classical frame, is fresh and subtle. We are beginning to see Miss Irvine's self-imposed limits. "None of these ten people, except Swift and Mérimée, was either very adventurous or very active." They lived between the middle of the seventeenth and the middle of the nineteenth centuries, an age, comparatively speaking, of metaphysical calm, when the bases of civilisation were accepted, and nerves wracked neither by too much doubt nor the telephone. They had the time and the mood to write. To-day we are all thrown into such moral chaos that the letter-writer is submerged. Certainly this further assumption enables Miss Irvine to develop her theme still more perfectly. But as an hypothesis it is of doubtful validity. As people now see each other more, they probably write less. But the moral argument is less convincing. Probably no age has seemed so static to contemporaries as it does to posterity, and in any case what was the sense of security that enabled Cicero to write his letters?

Miss Irvine, aiming at the portrayal of a mood, would be judged as an artist. Do we, in effect, find the mood entirely pleasant? There are occasions when the reader may feel that he is being stifled in a boudoir and must fly to a window to let in an icy blast; or that he has suddenly burst into a drawing-room in heavy muddy boots. Miss Irvine might advantageously have varied her mood. What, after all, about the letter-writers who were both "very active and very adventurous?" Byron, for instance, whose universe was always chaotic? or Voltaire, in some ways the greatest of all letter-writers, straddling like an hysterical Apollyon right across Miss Irvine's eighteenth century, and tossing off his tens of thousands of letters, as a release for his gigantic energies? They would have varied the scene and illustrated the truth, that the man of action can be among the best of letter-writers, as can the high-spirited boy or the young man with the world at his feet. The young Disraeli letters are all so good that it is hard to find a quotation. He writes to his father from Malta:

> Here the Younkers do nothing but play rackets, billiards and cards, race and smoke. To govern men, you must either excel in their accomplishments or despise them. Clay does one; I do the other and we are both equally popular. Affectation tells here even more than wit. Yesterday, at the racket-court, sitting in the gallery among the strangers, the ball entered and lightly struck me and fell at my feet. I picked it up and observing a young rifleman excessively stiff, I humbly requested him to forward its passage into the court, as I had really never thrown a ball in my life. This incident has been the general subject of conversation in the Messes to-day.

It is possible to be quite young, in roaring health and tearing spirits and still write a perfect letter. But presumably this truth, if illustrated, would have spoilt Miss Irvine's mood, to which she has a right, and which many people may find wholly sympathetic.

FitzGerald was another of these letter-writers, whom psychological infirmity in some way unfitted for the world. Here are some further sweepings from his waste-paper basket, unpublished letters to his friend Donne, which will be welcomed by those who never tire of FitzGerald. One passage about Tennyson sums up what all people occasionally feel about all poets.

> I felt that if Tennyson had got on a horse and ridden twenty miles instead of moaning over his pipe he would have been cured of his sorrows in half the time. As it is, it is about three years before the poetic soul walks itself out of darkness and despair into common sense. Plato would not have allowed such querulousness to be published in his Republic, to be sure; and when we think of the Miss Barretts, Brownes, Jewsburys, etc., who will set to work to feel friends' losses in melodious tears, in imitation of A.T.'s, one must allow Plato was not such a prig as some say he was.

This volume is beautified by a very interesting water-colour of FitzGerald as a young man from the pencil of Thackeray and by a very good drawing of Kean as Richard III. by FitzGerald himself. The Editor states that he publishes these letters *verbatim et literatim* yet more than one long passage is omitted without explanation.

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He was a wild, insensate gambler, a man with a passion for the turf, who would always put his money on the last tip he was given, and during the last seven or eight years of his life he spent the income of a multi-millionaire without making any provision for the future. Why?

I do not think it was either his gambling or his generosity, one instance of which deserves to be quoted here, since one cannot read Mrs. Wallace's brief mention of it and the friendship it brought with it, as one of the assets which he left to her, without respect. Many years ago he discovered the desperate need of a waiter serving him in a restaurant, asked him what was the matter, heard about the foreclosure on a mortgage, and tipped the man with a cheque for £250, at a time when his own income was only about ten times the amount.

He threw away money not simply, I think, because he loved luxury and spending money, nor because he sought to propitiate everyone by continual acts of generosity, but for a reason which Mrs. Wallace does not hint at and which perhaps only other writers will appreciate. Edgar Wallace was the fastest writer in the world, he regarded himself as a world's champion and he was determined not to relax, and not to let his output drop. As the years went by he wrote more and more and more and faster and faster and faster, but he never could have done it had it not been necessary. He needed the same spur that so many writers need: he had to be in urgent need of money. Thus when a play suddenly brought in £40,000, it had to be thrown away as fast as possible or the secret stimulus, the necessity to write, would vanish.

His production was enormous, and his gift one which makes every honest writer green with envy to think about. "He could always rely upon his uncanny ability to turn out acceptable copy—whatever the subject—at a speed that often taxed my stenographic skill to the limit. The words flowed from his lips uninterruptedly—almost as if he were reading from an invisible page."

But he was not only a journalist. He reeled off his stories at the same speed into a dictaphone, and the piles of wax cylinders grew beside him faster than any typist could transcribe from them. Fiction was only a sideline, but the novels sold in millions (Hutchinsons sold nearly half a million of his books in one year and he had other publishers). They are still the favourite reading

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of millions of people, and for this reason it would be fatuous and imbecile for me to call them unreadable. If I cannot read them it is because I am like the Princess who could not sleep because of the rose-leaf under her mattress. There were bound to be rose-leaves sprinkled through the wax cylinders of such a superman. His achievement as a story-writer is a quantitative one, but this is far from being the case with regard to his plays. Playwriting he took seriously, shutting himself up alone to write them out in long-hand in the greatest detail. Some were failures, but the only two I have seen seemed to me to be masterpieces. The flat grittiness of his prose had been replaced by direct, brilliantly dramatic dialogue, every sentence of which, one felt, brought one nearer to the heart of a tremendously exciting mystery.

Thus while most of his work was as worthless as the yesterday's newspapers in which it appeared, the plays may quite possibly outlast revolvers. David Garnett.

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An Outline for Boys and Girls and their Parents
Edited by Naomi Mitchison. Gollancz. 8s. 6d.

The educative instinct is, it must be admitted, one of the strongest and most primeval. From "Old Mother Tabbyskins teaching kittens how to swear" to the author of Proverbs, and from King Alfred to Mrs. Mitchison, all parents have, with soul and mind and strength, striven to guide, drive, cajole or bully their children along the way they wished them to go. As new discoveries have been made, so each mother, be she Holy Church or humblest peasant, has edited the new knowledge for the benefit of her young; and the grammars and copybooks of mediaeval times were succeeded by such admirable digests of the working of microscope and telescope, thermometer and barometer, as Miss Edgeworth's *Early Lessons* or the later *World of To-day*. When the amount of knowledge had grown unmanageable, the encyclopaedias came, and other "potted meats," such as *Madam How and Lady Why*, and Arthur Mee's works. Now Messrs. Gollancz have published, at an absurdly reasonable price, the latest addition to our shelves of printed pemmican, a volume considered especially suitable for children of eleven years of age and upwards. It is a very praiseworthy book. A galaxy of talented men and women, mostly young, have written down for (or perhaps to ?) the boys and girls of to-day a summary of what they themselves have learned. The result is what it claims to be—an outline of the "beginnings of things, the foundations of knowledge" which "shows why they are exciting." It is divided into three parts—Science, Civilisation, Art—of which Part I is unquestionably the most successful. Indeed, if capsuled knowledge is in any way to be recommended, this survey of what science is, what it does, and what are the special fields of the chief sciences, is unquestionably the most important contribution made to education in this century. The endless "whys" of the intelligent child are at last and at any rate answered; and the badgered parent will find in this *vade mecum* an answer to almost every conceivable question. The articles are very well written, lucid, definite, simple and direct, they evade no issues, yet are in every way balanced and decorous. Part I is, indeed, so obviously excellent, that no sane person, nor even any bishop or Moderator, could cavil at it. Each author has, after explaining his own part of the puzzle, fitted it into the great whole, and has fully taken to heart Blake's advice, "Thou art a man, God is no more, thine own humanity learn to adore." Certain especial merits should be noticed: Mr. Pirrie's *Applied Biology*, Mr. Pilley's *Chemistry* and Mr. Hughes' *Physics* have, besides all their other qualities, the incomparable virtue of that "sense of glory" which is the prerogative of the highest understanding. These three fill their readers with a feeling of wonder at the ordered beauty of creation, which the other writers somehow fail to do. Dr. Cullis' *Physiology*, however, resolves the greatest parental difficulty—that of explaining "the facts of life"—once and for all, and resolves it very well, although perhaps *three* detailed diagrams of the reproductive system are hardly necessary, when *one* suffices to explain the more complicated mechanism of the brain. Perhaps, too, *What Science Can Do* is a little patronising in its language. It is to be doubted if children really enjoy the "don't forgets" and "you won'ts" and "aren't we alls" as much as their elders think they do, but in general the language is refreshingly unchildish. The whole of Part I is a presentment of facts in which personal theories have small place, and, as such, it not only interests and enthrals, but also will provoke a child to inquire for him- or herself.

Part II, because it is less universal, is not so successful. To scientific fact there can only be one attitude and one response: there are no two viewpoints possible about the existence of gases or the weight of water. But about civilisation and art, *tot homines, quot sententiae*. Anyone, with the sufficient knowledge, can tell a child what his eye is and how it works; but he can only tell him what he thinks he should do with that eye, or what other people think. And Messrs. Heard, Beales, Skepper and Stapledon are inclined to take the "we whose souls are lighted, with wisdom from on high" attitude, to past, present and future. It is very natural, and well meant, to try and help youth to avoid the mistaken ideas oneself has had to discard, to protect it from the evils of the past, and to help it to enjoy the benefits one's own generation has painfully acquired. But it is no more likely to be successful, as a plan of action, than were the "Clarissas" or even the "Erics" of bygone years. Each generation burns the idols of its predecessor, and the child of eleven, to whom these writers preach, is as suspicious of propaganda, even when cloaked by Mr. Stapledon's idealism or Mrs. Cole's fairmindedness, as his grandparents were of blancmange, even when chocolate-flavoured. Also, propaganda does "date" terribly: only superlative genius can make it so great artistically that it has a permanent value. None of the articles in Part II has an enduring air—none compares with such "tracts" as *Absalom and Achitophel*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Sybil*, the *Idea of a University*, *Erewhon*, the *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, or even *Letters from John Chinaman*. Consciously, the authors of Part II are trying to safeguard their own immortality—are endeavouring to sow the seed of their beliefs before it is too late. Subconsciously they are trying to protect themselves from the iconoclasm of youth by enlisting it on their side. For a child is the most dangerous creature in the whole world, and each generation has tried in its turn, and unsuccessfully, to capture youth, and to shackle it with their rusty harness, and break it in to their -isms. This book proves that the child is the only living organism of whom the scientist is still afraid. Every baby born may by its discoveries overthrow the citadels of to-day, and make Einstein's relativity seem a creed as outworn as the Emperor Julian's. So here, there are only one-sided arguments: no devil's advocate is allowed. The young reader of this outline must not, cannot, know that there are any arguments possible in favour of war, family life, religion, capitalism or individualism. Of those great thinkers who "Alone, sought the Alone," there is no mention; of the great kings and those who served and died for them, hardly a word; to the splendours of the Renaissance, of Akbar's Empire, of Elizabethan England or seventeenth century France, there are the barest references.

Part III is like the curate's egg. Mr. Williams-Ellis writes so well that one hopes he will write a whole A B C of architecture for his and other people's children; and Mr. Gleadowe has much that is interesting to say of modern art, although his illustrations are not always impressive. But as a summary of the outlines of human values these five chapters are laughably inadequate.

And of the greatest factor, for good or evil, in European civilisation, since the signs A.D. were substituted for A.U.C., there is no mention: the mysterious individual, alluded to (once only) in Part I, on page 311, and there referred to with a Capital H, occurs not at all in Parts II or III, nor is He included in the index.

Anne Fremantle.

NON-STOP VARIETY

Queer Street. By Edward Shanks. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

It all begins in The Bran-Pie Club. There we are introduced to Sergeant Bray, who guards the door, and to the despondent Mrs. Badger, who looks after the ladies and expects the club to be raided. And to the active, insolent Horace Griffin, who is the club's compère, and to Mr. and Mrs. Tellus, a delightful married pair who succeed, almost alone in Mr. Shanks's company, in using the club for enjoyment. In a preliminary talk before the curtain Mr. Shanks, as producer, has told us about the childhood of Euan Carteret and Phyllis Blabey, the tenor and soprano of his variety show. Maurice Blabey, later Sir Maurice, owns and runs the club when his daughter, lovely, remote and "splendidly null," meets Euan once more. Euan is a hard-working scientific inventor; but he has to join the Bran-Pie,

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since Phyllis's father owns it. From then *Queer Street* is a dazzling show of near-Bohemian life; queer in that everyone in it is ordinary. All the characters who do not cross busy streets in the morning on their way to work are a little later driven down the streets in opulent cars. Blabey is one of those men "who handles millions," a typical product of an age that lives on the past's investments and its own overdrafts. There is no straight vice in one of them; just muddle, and vanity, and a profound lack of originality. Mr. Shanks is devastatingly just. Euan, in spite of his brilliance as an inventor, is a dull young man; Phyllis, in spite of her beauty, is a dull young woman; and so is Mona Fenwick, in spite of her lapses from virtue. The big business men are duller than these; only Harry and Huffy Tellus are as amusing as their odd surname.

It is a great feat for Mr. Shanks to make a continuous entertainment out of this unpromising material. His book is not profound or pretentious; but it gives a very likely and probably accurate picture of one of the oddest phases of life in post-war London society. No one who has been to a night-club—of the kind which keeps the law—can have failed to see that these legendary places are not haunts of the fashionable, the vicious, the Bohemian or the reckless. Any of these may be found there, as they may be found in a Mayfair or Soho restaurant; but the ordinary frequenters of the night-club are the young and youngish people who have no homes, who live in dreary bed-sitting-rooms, with querulous neighbours in uncongenial parts of London. For these the night-club supplies the place of a café-restaurant and a dance-hall. There is a great deal in Mr. Shanks's novel beside the club; but the Bran-Pie is the chief character. To his portrait of that, in its brilliance and minuteness, must yield Mr. Shanks's pictures of life in Sir Maurice Blabey's country-house, and even his very tender and imaginative account—almost a separate story—of the relationship of Euan with his father, his sister and his poor drudge of an aunt. *Queer Street* is a novel which describes a period that is already a part of history.

THE DIFFICULTY OF BEING MODERN

A Letter to Virginia Woolf. By Peter Quennell. Hogarth Press. 1s.

Modern American Poetry. A Critical Anthology, edited by Louis Untermeyer. Cape. 15s.

Collected Poems of Edwin Arlington Robinson. Macmillan. 21s.

In his *Letter to Mrs. Virginia Woolf*, Mr. Quennell states sympathetically the predicament of the modern poet. He is replying to an earlier letter in the same series addressed by Mrs. Woolf to a young poet, who, she suggested, would write better "if he could throw himself back in spirit to a happier time." But can he? asks Mr. Quennell; and answers that there are too many restrictions in the way. The poet having acquired a degree of self-consciousness cannot go back on it; his field, too, has been narrowed down in the course of time so that now he is left with only a small allotment which he must cultivate as best he can—he is left to "exploit the irreducible minimum which is poetry—pure poetry—and nothing besides." By alert listening, by scraping a phrase here and paring there, by salvaging from the past (when things were so different!) he collects his little pile to put before the reader, who in turn must begin to burrow in the odd assortment. It is all very difficult! What is to be done?

> A modern poet may put the blame on his surroundings—and to some extent, as I have attempted to show, he is probably justified—yet, within himself, the acute pangs of a guilty conscience keep up their intolerable nagging rhythm: "Granted that your case is doubly hard—you are involved in the general fate of literature, and bewildered by the catastrophe of your whole age—you can't shirk the major obligation." "What is it?" "To write poetry." "And what is poetry?" . . .

One thinks, of course, of Eliot.

"The general fate of literature?" This seems an exaggerated defeatism (Eliot's influence kills more than it cures), yet one can't deny that Mr. Quennell states the case exactly for a type of modern poet. The predicament in its less extreme form is a good deal commoner than we suppose. An overburdening sense of the achievement and opportunity of the past, an extreme awareness of present difficulties—these are the inevitable accompaniment of the new self-consciousness in the poet, and inhibit him accordingly. Possibly, as Mr. Quennell ends by suggesting, his poetry will emerge with a "spare dynamic elegance, more cerebral perhaps than the verse we know, harmonised in a different and subtler way"—the beginnings, perhaps, of a "pure" poetry in the sense that music has developed into the purest of the arts. But this involves a belief in the potency of words in themselves, the possibility of their dissociation from common ties, for which at present we have small grounds. Mr. Quennell says (again after Eliot) that a sense of words is the first requirement of a poet. He ignores the importance of *impulse*—which is surely at the root of the whole modern predicament.

Walt Whitman had very little "sense of words" as Mr. Quennell applies the phrase; rather he used them in the mass. Here is a perfect example of the triumph of impulse—of poetic impulse of course, but that is remote from verbal sensibility. And a glance through Mr. Untermeyer's collection of *Modern American Poetry* will show a recurrence of the same sort of impulse, the rhetorical, prophetic, democratic force of Whitman in the poems of Lanier, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters, Vachel Lindsay, and others. Lindsay, from the word-manipulator's point of view, is merely a Salvation Army bandsman and not a poet at all. I can explain my different point of view, perhaps, by saying that he is often a bad poet but still a genuine one.

Democracy as a possible force in poetry is, one presumes, unthinkable to an aristocrat like Eliot. His own poetry of expatriation began, no doubt, largely as a reaction against the democratic tradition in American poetry which attained a force there unique in modern literature. One notices, reading through this anthology (now in a fourth and enlarged edition), particular strains: the lapsed European tradition, surviving oddly in corners like monuments which emphasise the conservative habits of pioneers; the naive illumination of Emily Dickinson; the number of women poets; an undercurrent (surprisingly subdued) of the negro; the recurring force of Whitman, which compensated for the lack of folk poetry and ballad in American tradition. The impulse in some of these strains is strong. With the second half of the book, and the coming of the post-war poets, there is a definite change-over from impulse to the preoccupation with *words*. Where the change is most self-conscious a diminution in impulse is inevitable. But impulse in some form or other is essential to poetry, and now it took the form of movements—imagism, classicism, a new puritanism. There were no movements in English poetry at the time comparable to these in America, and since the war all the important influences on English poetry have come from America. We have only to read a representative collection of modern American poetry and compare it with the English equivalent (no such anthology, however, exists) to be aware of this fact.

The group impulses of these new movements were strong enough to make them important; the individual impulse, in the imagists, in Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot, was small. One must add to them now the young poet of the present imagined by Mr. Quennell.

As a modest appendix to Mr. Quennell's thesis of aridity one may perhaps add the collected works of another American poet, Edwin Arlington Robinson—a thousand packed pages. He is the sort of poet so easy now to despise: not least because he is still living. You will find in his work little "pure poetry," much accomplishment and thought, much character, much dramatic situation. He is the writer of a sheltered, soberly apparelled, homely realistic, conversational-poetic verse. He belongs definitely to the last century, though most of his books have appeared in this. He is not a great poet, but a good secondary one: and—here is my point—the *bulk* of his work, a faith in the office and craftsmanship of the poet, an acceptance of traditional form as the unobtrusive medium for his thoughts, scenes and portraits have enabled him to produce distinctive poetry. Some of his pictures belong to an old genre and have lost their glow; his mastery of blank verse is often curiously neutral and low-pitched; he has a weakness for starting monologues from the great figures of the past. One of his best poems, "Ben Jonson entertains a man from Stratford," begins with lines which fall naturally into pastiche:

> You are a friend, then, as I make it out,
> Of our man Shakespeare, who alone of us
> Will put an ass's head in Fairyland
> As he would add a shilling to more shillings,
> All most harmonious—and out of his
> Miraculous inviolable increase
> Falls Ilion, Rome, or any town you like
> Of olden time with timeless Englishmen . . .

The last line but two might be taken as a glaring example of

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false poetic mint. It is difficult to find really good passages for quotation (though many better than this); but the whole poem is better than its parts. In much recent poetry, it seems to me, the parts have been better than the whole. Let us enjoy by all means where we can, the difficult struggle of the moderns "frozen into a gesture," but not despise the easier pleasures.

G. W. Stonier.

JUSTICE IN THE DOCK

English Justice. By "Solicitor." Routledge. 10s. 6d.

"Solicitor" puts Justice in the dock and quite definitely finds it guilty on several counts, including malpractices, class bias, inattention, and a general lack of sympathy and understanding in the execution of its duty. Courts of Summary Jurisdiction—or "Police" courts as they are aptly but wrongly called—are the chief targets of his criticism; and those acquainted with them, both professionally and otherwise, will not be surprised at his strictures. In this book the whole procedure of our criminal machinery is concisely explained from A to Z, and at each step suggestions are made for reform. Whether all the abuses he enumerates are as general as "Solicitor" would have us believe is scarcely material: that irregularities such as questioning a prisoner in the dock and allowing unsworn hearsay statements on character frequently occur and are inherent in the system is well known, and emphasis may be necessary to break through national complacency. It is refreshing, however, to find a champion of legal reform imbued with sympathy for the feelings and bewilderment of "the accused" in unnerving surroundings—in fact, the whole book displays an outlook based on something more than mere theories of abstract justice.

The work apportioned by the legislature to Courts of Summary Jurisdiction has grown enormously of late years, probably owing to the necessity for economy by those who use them most—"Legal Woolworths," the author, not very happily, calls them. Yet the type of J.P. has usually remained unchanged. True, the squire has lost his monopoly of class and sex, but appointments are still regarded as rewards for service. Judicial duties, however, call for qualities of discernment and mental reserve irrespective of sex, politics or social status, and a recognition of this fact is essential to improvement. "Solicitor" makes the interesting suggestion that the Clerk—a whole-time civil servant—should act as Judge, with the Justices as a permanent jury.

He deprecates appeals to Quarter Sessions where the appeal is heard by colleagues of the lower bench—a system, incidentally, which is in force at the Court of Criminal Appeal—and proposes the abolition of Quarter Sessions altogether, the work being transferred to County Courts assisted, if necessary, by Commissioners. With a stronger panel of Justices, he contends, fewer minor offences need go for trial. This is an interesting reform, which deserves official consideration, but he is on more dangerous ground in proposing the abolition of coroners' courts. The fact that he is able to quote certain abuses, and that coroners are apt to be verbose is more a case for reform than for abolition. His suggestion that police superintendents should certify obvious accidental deaths has its dangers.

The supercilious, sometimes patronising, attitude of some benches is well portrayed—"he must have done something or he wouldn't have been here" is not a parody of our courts; it is an actual habit of mind, as evidenced, among other things, by the sarcasm and jokes at the expense of workers and, especially, of matrimonial applicants. "Solicitor" claims that ignorance is the basic fault, ignorance on the part of the community of what is done in their name and ignorance of the individual as to his rights and privileges in and out of court. To a certain extent he is probably correct, but a more serious fault may be found in the close liaison between police and court and the absence of funds for adequate defence.

Many aspects of the subject are capably dealt with, all of interest to penal reformers, such as the handicap of the poor in questions of debts, fines, bail and the employment of an advocate—the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act is claimed to be almost a dead letter for summary cases: courts of Domestic Relations, which he unfortunately opposes: confessions and police methods generally: juries and their shortcomings, with some interesting proposals for their improvement, all of which is told with an abundance of amusing anecdotes, though at times marred by irksome repetition. But in spite of the impression of injustice left by the book, it is difficult to believe that incorrect verdicts are frequent. Whether in general correct punishment is inflicted on the guilty is quite another matter.

Hugh A. Franklin.

DOLLS AND PUPPETS

Dolls and Puppets. By Max von Boehn. Translated by Josephine Nicoll. With a note on Puppets by George Bernard Shaw. Harrap. 30s.

One need not live in a caravan to appreciate puppets, nor be the inhabitant of a sequestered private madhouse to retain a keen delight in the beauty of dolls. Toys of every sort are almost as old as the human race. No people but has left behind its dolls, and some indication of its degree of domestic culture is afforded by the skill which it has devoted to them. Herr von Boehn covers the entire field; he does not write—and this is perhaps a pity—of dolls and marionettes and shadow-shows to the exclusion of other branches of the same tribe, but deals with every sort of small figure that represents, or parodies, human existence.

Thus his book ranges from Tanagra to Western Africa. Even the famous "Aurignacian Venus," a steatopygous limestone figurine, and the violin-shaped idols of the Cyclades, are invoked for the purposes of the first section; whence he proceeds to treat of *Ancestor Images* which, in their turn, lead to fetishes and talismans. Is the doll a kind of debased god? It is interesting to learn that certain Indians of New Mexico construct images which, when they have served as ritual objects, are handed over to the children as mere playthings. Still, it is a far cry from some ghastly fetish of the Congo to the wooden and stuffed dolls of Northern Europe; from votive bronzes to the lay-model in the studio. Erudite and entertaining as the author proves, one could wish that his scope were somewhat limited.

But these criticisms are perhaps a little ungrateful. After three hundred absorbing pages on the subject of dolls, which lead him to the countries of the Far East and the yet-observed Doll Festival of Japan, by way of Nymphenburg porcelain and jointed toys, he starts off on a discussion of the puppet-theatre. Shadow-plays, of course, are within his province. One is inclined to grumble that, whereas the shadow-figures of Lotte Reininger, which, though pretty, are relatively insignificant—those who frequent the Film Society have seen examples—are illustrated no fewer than seven times, the exquisite productions of Chinese fantasy are disposed of in one paragraph and a single plate.

Yet to see them at work is a memorable experience. Not only do the shadow-actors themselves, cut out of sheets of thin leather and oiled so that the colours are translucent, reveal a strangely perverse and delicate charm—how they would have delighted Aubrey Beardsley!—but the technique of their manipulation against the screen is as skilful as it is dramatically impressive. Not a touch of meretricious modern whimsy. The bearded emperors, jerking on horseback to love or war, the wasp-like maidens with their wonderfully flowered and plaited top-knots, the sages, monsters and statesmen who cross the stage, have the vivid stylised grace of traditional drama. One can command such a performance in one's own garden for the price of a couple of stalls at a London revue!

But the shadow-play is not peculiar to Chinese life. It has branches in Burma and Siam and a justly celebrated school among the Javanese. This latter Herr von Boehn describes at length. Each school has produced a characteristic type of design, as well as a repertoire of accompanying dialogue. Each is indigenous in inspiration. The Javanese figures are perhaps the best, though the Chinese run them close in linear elegance. They are creations of that popular, yet subtle, art which we can write about but, once it is dead, never revive.

The subject is vast and one expects prolixity. Herr von Boehn, it is pleasant to be able to add, may be discursive and voluminous, but is seldom dull. His book includes thirty coloured plates and four hundred and sixty-three illustrations in the text, clearly reproduced on good paper. In fact, this is a book to recommend. It is wonderfully good value for the money and is packed tight with fascinating information. Mrs. Allardyce Nicoll has translated it from the German. There is a brief but brisk foreword by Mr. Shaw, for whom a form of dramatic art which needs no words must have an uneasy magic.

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OCT 1932

Vol. IV. No. 86 (New Series) **SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1932** [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

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Includes contributions by Edmund Wilson; David Garnett; Princess Antoine Bibesco; W. H. Auden; E. E. Kellett; Anne Fremantle; G. W. Stonier; and A. E. Coppard.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The Postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.

THE "secret schedules" of the Ottawa agreements were published as a Blue Book on Wednesday. They bear out, in the main, the forecasts that have already appeared—that in this instance we have loved our neighbours a good deal better than ourselves or than the common good. The separate agreements with the various Dominions provide for a considerable range of preferences to British importers—in the case of Canada as many as 215 commodities are scheduled—but many of these commodities are of little or no importance and in a high percentage of cases the increased preference afforded is likely to be illusory. The Tory press is stressing, naturally, the volume of trade "affected" by these concessions; in the case of Canada, for example, it is about £13,000,000 per annum; but this figure throws no light on the extent to which new business is likely to accrue. Our first impression is that the schedules, implementing as they do agreements which will make on the whole for more restricted world trade, are a heavy price to pay for our commitments to the Dominions.

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Appended to the Australian agreement is the schedule of the new meat "quota." The object of this is admittedly to raise the price of frozen beef, mutton and lamb. The schedule provides for a reduction, quarter by quarter, in the quantities of frozen meat imported from non-British countries, on the basis of importations during the twelve months ending June, 1932. Starting with a 90 per cent. quota for the first quarter of next year, the quantities of foreign meat imported are to be reduced by 5 per cent. each quarter until a 65 per cent. quota is reached in the second quarter of 1934. This agreement will deal a heavy blow at our trade with the Argentine. We grieve for the dilemma of the Briton who, on the one hand, is a supporter of Lord Beaverbrook, and, on the other, has his wherewithal invested in Argentine securities.

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The proposed Four-Power meeting in London has boiled down to a visit of M. Herriot for a talk with Mr. MacDonald. The principal subject of conversation is, it seems, the new French plan for universal security, but especially France's security. It is by all accounts a réchauffé of old and highly controversial plans, and it may be as difficult of acceptance as were its predecessors. It is possible, however, that even if the British Government do not fall for it immediately—and that they are hardly likely to do—it may provide a new basis for discussion at Geneva and bring the Germans back to the Disarmament Conference. At

any rate the airing of the plan, or the belief that it indicates a change of attitude in M. Herriot, has revived the spirits of Geneva. Mr. Henderson has given way to some expressions of hopefulness, which we trust are not merely ex officio optimism. But the Franco-German tension remains, and it will not be relaxed until France is prepared to meet the claim for equality by a reduction of her armaments—and that at a price, if a price she must have, which other people can fairly be expected to pay.

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The Council of the League of Nations is by now accustomed to receiving petitions on behalf of the persecuted Ukrainian Minority in Eastern Galicia. But the memorial now sent to Geneva, signed by a group of Conservative, Liberal and Labour members of the British House of Commons, is not of the usual type. It does not refer to the beating of Ukrainian peasants or the destruction of their schools. It concentrates on the judicial aspect of the problem, and asks whether Poland has to-day any legal right to continue to exercise sovereignty over Eastern Galicia in view of the unfulfilled conditions laid down as the condition of that sovereignty. On March 15th, 1923, the problem of the Polish frontier was decided by the Conference of Ambassadors which made Eastern Galicia part of Poland, subject to certain limitations and safeguards. The preamble to this decision contains the following sentence: "Whereas it is recognised by Poland, that as far as the Eastern part of Galicia is concerned the ethnographical conditions necessitate an autonomous regime," and Mr. Bonar Law, then Prime Minister, definitely stated in reply to a question by Sir John Simon on March 20th, 1923, that the recognition of the necessity for Ukrainian autonomy by Poland was the condition upon which the Galician frontier was accepted. If it is suggested that this declaration by the Conference of Ambassadors does not confer a Treaty right upon the Ukrainian Minority, then by what right does Poland claim sovereignty over the Ukraine? The memorial suggests that the question whether Poland has granted Home Rule to the Ukraine in accordance with the intention expressed in the decision of the Conference of Ambassadors should be submitted to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

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The Spaniard, who for so many generations has been regarded by the outside world as a financial "dud," is giving reassuring signs of his desire to reconstruct his country on a sound economic basis. During the last week or two the Spanish press has contained frequent references to the Cabinet discussions on the approaching budget, which according to a forecast of Señor Giral, Minister of Marine, should be presented to the Cortes on October 15th. Señor Giral told an inquiring journalist that he and his friends thrashed out each point, whether it was a matter of 500 pesetas or 50 millions. The first budget of the Spanish Republic was chiefly occupied with attempting to liquidate the costly legacy of the Dictatorship. That for 1933 will probably concentrate on reductions in ministerial and official salaries and on the development of hydraulic schemes. In his recent speech at Santander, Señor Azaña insisted on the necessity of maintaining increased expenditure in the budget of the Ministry of Public Works. Señor Prieto, who holds the portfolio of this office, tells us that he has always considered the scheme of hydraulic works as the most important for increasing the potentiality of national production. The need for such work was recognised by the Dictatorship, which created an administrative scheme for the execution of this policy, resulting unfortunately in the enrichment of the bureaucracy thus formed and of the landowners instead of benefiting the land itself and the State. There are three aspects from which Señor Prieto's scheme may be regarded: first, the reorganisation of the means of administration; secondly, the emphasis laid on the actual works; thirdly, the measures taken to ensure the improvement of the land under survey. It is proposed to expend 154 million pesetas among the mass communities for the execution of the scheme, and one may justifiably hope that the valley of the Guadalquivir and the region of the Guadalcacir may be transformed, as they should be, into fertile and well-watered districts.

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The news of the fall from grace and expulsion from the Communist Party of Zinoviev, Kamenev and a number of lesser Bolsheviks has startled a world which thought that Stalin had disposed of all his malcontents. The exact nature of the offence we do not know; "counter-revolutionary activities" is a charge which may cover any of a multitude of sins. But the suggestion that Zinoviev and Kamenev have gone to the length of plotting the restoration of capitalism *tout court* is more than we can swallow. They have doubtless been actuated by personal enmity to Stalin, and they have probably voiced, in an exaggerated and "un-Marxian" way, the discontent which at the moment is widespread in the U.S.S.R. That discontent is at root economic; it is the outcome of the shortage of supplies, and the shortage of supplies is due to poor harvests, accentuated by blunders in organisation, particularly on the farms, and by the weakness of the transport system. All this is no secret. The Soviet Government and the Party leaders are alive to the difficulty of the situation, and they are making strenuous and, so far as we can judge, sensible efforts to relieve it. Russia may have to pull in its belt another hole during the coming winter; but there is no evidence of the discontent becoming general disaffection. Nor, though there are plenty of hitches, is there any breakdown of the Five Year Plan in industry or agriculture.

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During the last week a number of cablegrams and letters from the most moderate leaders of Indian opinion have reached this country. They all tell the same tale. In brief they state that the agreement about the Untouchables has provided for the moment an excellent atmosphere which could be used for incalculable good, but that the Government of India, by its decision to prevent any further political discussions with Gandhi is throwing away what Sir Chumilal Mehta calls a "godsent opportunity." Mr. Jayakar wires that his talks with Gandhi have been stopped by order of the Government of India, while Sir Tej Sapru

in a long cable expresses his disappointment that interviews with Gandhi have been stopped at a moment when there was a real chance of ending civil disobedience and settling "the larger constitutional issues in a calm atmosphere." No one will suspect any of these men of extremist views, and we have reason to believe that the decision to refuse access to Gandhi is the decision not of the British Government but of the Government of India. Mr. MacDonald is permitting the excellent results of his acceptance of the Untouchable agreement to be thrown away by bureaucrats in India.

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The Report of the Land Division of the Ministry of Agriculture for 1931 tells us that smallholders "have so far weathered the present agricultural depression in a remarkable way, and that in all parts of the country they have been doing better than the large farmers." Yet with thousands of approved applicants waiting for holdings, and other thousands "awaiting interview or standing over," the total of both classes being the highest for five years, the development of smallholdings is being checked in the name of economy. The land lies neglected and loses its value; in some districts farms are actually offered rent free to any one who will cultivate them; the men and women go idle and lose their capacity to work, and yet in the name of economy idle men and empty lands cannot be brought together. Smallholders who feed their families and sell their surplus to buy what the village shop sells are an asset which the community can ill afford to neglect. Even allotment holders "fill the face of the world with fruit." The late Government's aid of £45,000 enabled 60,000 allotment holders to produce upwards of £400,000 worth of food last year. Are smallholdings, cottage holdings and allotment holdings matters in which the National Government takes no interest?

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This week's rioting in Belfast is far uglier than anything that has occurred so far in England, partly because the art of rioting is better understood in Northern Ireland than it is here. But the grievances which lie behind the trouble exist in hardly less degree in some parts of England than in Belfast, though the administration of public assistance in Northern Ireland seems to have been peculiarly inhumane. In Belfast, relief for those who have exhausted their right to insurance benefit has been given largely in the form of relief work, at a very low rate of pay, and only for a limited number of days. The unemployed want both more work and better pay for it, and the rioting has followed upon unsuccessful appeals to the public assistance authorities and to the Government. The Trade Union leaders have appealed to the unemployed to refrain from rioting, and the Trades Council has passed a resolution urging a general strike. But negotiations for the relief of grievances are now going on between the Government and the Poor Law Authorities, and it is believed that the conditions of relief are to be improved—which suggests that there was a good deal of justification for the riots. Though, despite recent troubles at Birkenhead and elsewhere, it may be held that the situation in England is far less serious, we hope our Government will mark the moral of these Irish troubles. They are at present threatening to supersede by appointed Commissioners the public assistance committees in Durham and in several areas in South Wales, and are reported to have under consideration a plan for taking over the entire administration of public assistance throughout the country. For this last there is a good deal to be said, but the lesson we want the Government to learn is that if the unemployed are driven too hard, as they are now in a great many places, events in Belfast may before long be repeated, even though it be in a less dramatic fashion, on this side of the Irish Channel.

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Mr. Chamberlain's speech at the Conservative Conference last week has very much annoyed a number of the Government's back-bench supporters, who are just beginning to enjoy the new crusade for reaction disguised as "economy," and were much disgusted when Mr. Chamberlain went so far as to suggest that the "economies" already carried out were undermining the popularity of the National Government. In a letter to the *Times* this week, Mr. F. W. Hirst, writing as a Liberal Free Trader, proceeds to outbid even the back-bench Tory economists. He dismisses as nothing the reductions in expenditure which have been effected already, demands a return to a four-shilling income-tax, and promises the Government the fullest collaboration in a new drastic economy campaign of those Liberals who agree with him. We fancy that, outside the ranks of the Simonites, he will find few to follow his lead. Nor can we at all accept his view when he denies stoutly that the economy policy is making the Government unpopular. His argument in support of this is that the Government won the election on the economy issue, and thereby proved it to be a popular cry. But the Government did not win the election on the economy issue: it won by stampeding the electors into a panic, under the influence of which they voted blindly to give it a free hand. As they increasingly discover what economy means in education, in the manufacture of unemployment, and in the transfer of burdens from taxes to rates, they are less and less inclined to agree with Mr. Hirst that the nation can best be restored to health by the use of a poleaxe.

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If Mrs. Mitchison's *Outline for Boys and Girls and their Parents* gets as much attention from the children as from the adults it should provide some crowded and merry moments in our school-rooms. No doubt the Archbishop of York, Lord Irwin and their fellow-protesters are right in thinking that some who have praised the book were insufficiently acquainted with its contents; but their letter does not persuade us that they have any greater knowledge of it. The book is reviewed elsewhere in this paper. Here we would only protest against any effort to create alarm at the publication of a work which obviously does not profess to cover the whole field of human thought and activities. The book aims at giving a complete account of the modern position in matters of scientific knowledge; and we cannot understand the anxiety of those who believe that this can be damaging to children, however lamentably it may disconcert some parents. Also we must deplore any tendency to obscure questions of literary and scientific criticism by an appeal to prejudice or irrelevant authority.

APPEAL FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW WHIGS

"The great and firm body of the Whigs of England, true to their principles, have decided on the dispute between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke; and the former is declared to have maintained the pure doctrines by which they are bound together, and upon which they have invariably acted. The consequence is that Mr. Burke retires from Parliament."

IT was comparatively easy in 1791 for the Whigs of England to choose between Mr. Fox and Mr. Burke. It is a good deal harder for their successors, the Liberals of to-day, to make up their minds between Sir Herbert Samuel and Mr. Lloyd George. The Liberals of to-day can hardly be called a firm body; there is considerable doubt about their doctrines; and it is a matter of argument which of their chiefs is a Fox and which a Burke. Cynical lookers-on will derive amusement from this umpteenth crisis in the Liberal Party. More serious students of politics may draw a moral from it and base a prophecy on it.

A few days ago Mr. Lloyd George was invited by the National Liberal Federation to join in an oratorical banquet to Sir Herbert Samuel and his fellow prodigals. He would have been less or more than human if he had refrained from making a few remarks in refusing this invitation. And he would not have been L.G. if his remarks had not been, in the phrase of the *News-Chronicle*, "brilliantly witty but mischievous." But the wit and the mischief do not alter the fact that the strictures in his letter are true. The Liberal Ministers in the Cabinet failed lamentably—and culpably, as many of their followers hold—to protect Free Trade. It was pretty evident from the outset, to any but the wilfully blind, that they were bound to fail, and Mr. Lloyd George is fully entitled to his "I told you so." But that is not all, nor the worst—to those at any rate who do not consider that opposition to tariffs makes up the whole duty of political man. Sir Herbert Samuel and his friends have been parties to all the sins of commission and omission of the "National" Government. Their record abroad is no better than that of their colleagues, and to condemn Sir John Simon is equally to condemn them. "Both Sir John Simon and Sir Herbert Samuel," as Mr. Lloyd George says, "represented us at Geneva, and a menacing crisis was precipitated by action which they jointly and severally directed. Since then we have had the Simon Note which has considerably aggravated the situation. Sir Herbert Samuel was consulted, and expressed his adhesion to that fatal document before it was issued." And what of India? The Liberal Ministers, in their letter to Mr. MacDonald on their resignation, explicitly avow their support of the Government's policy, and they make no reservations about its bad points, such as the administration of the Ordinances.

As for home affairs, they have had no remedy for social and economic discontents which distinguishes them from the Tories. That is to say, they have had no remedy at all, or if they have, they have kept it admirably hid. When during all their term of office have they effectively championed any real Liberal principle or made any real Liberal protest (except on the fiscal question) in the Cabinet or the House of Commons or the country? We are not surprised that the honester and more zealous members of their party find it hard to forgive this sojourn among the pig troughs. And in view of the fact that the prodigals have expressed themselves as content with their husks (excepting the tariff mixture), we are not surprised by the doubts which others besides Mr. Lloyd George feel about the genuineness of their repentance.

But there is a more important question than the future of Sir Herbert Samuel and his fellows. That question is the future of Liberalism—or rather, of the Liberal Party, for Liberalism in its largest and best sense is not the property of any party in England. It has mellowed Conservative policy, and not even a Socialist Labour Party will be likely to discard its fundamental principles. But if Liberals believe that it is necessary to preserve their own party, then they will have to overhaul their principles and their practice. They will have to appeal from the old to the new Whigs, or in plainer terms to abandon Whiggery and take to Radicalism. There was a time when the watchword of the Liberal Party was "Peace, Retrenchment and Reform," and no doubt it served well in its day. It might serve again, if it were taken seriously, if it were interpreted aright, and if it were adjusted to the needs and aspirations of this age. But what does that mean? It means in the first place a far more resolute attitude to disarmament and a foreign policy that consists in something better than lip service to the League of Nations, temporising in Europe, and abetting violence and aggression in Asia. How can a Liberal, or anyone else, who seeks peace support Simonism? Secondly, there is retrenchment. Retrenchment in public spending may be good or bad, according to what you are going to retrench on. The retrenchments of the present Government are wrongheaded and disastrous, cutting as they do at the social services and pressing on the poor in the effort to save the pockets of the better-off. It is ominous that many Liberals—and not merely those who have backed the National Government—are champions of this ignoble and stupid economy.

And finally, what of "reform"? In the great days of the Liberal Party, ancient or more recent, it stood for and carried real reforms, political and social. In its decline, after the war, it produced programmes for the development of industry and agriculture, for dealing with unemployment, for raising the standard of life, for the extension of public control—which, if they did not satisfy revolutionary Socialists, at least were not balm to reactionary Tories. In the Liberal Party to-day there are some who still believe in these programmes. But there are others who have lost faith in them, if indeed they ever had any, and who will march—or mark time—to the call of what Mr. Lloyd George so rudely and so aptly describes as "a trumpet muffled with the rags of Whiggery and poltroonery." And there seem to be many more who, though not poltroons, are ultra-timid. They are frightened of Socialism, even of the Socialism in their own proposals, and appear more anxious to minimise than to emphasise their agreement with the Labour Party. That perhaps is natural, for if they are seen to agree too much, their *raison d'être* as a separate party disappears. But this

condemns them to all the disadvantages of a middle party, and amongst these disadvantages is the improbability that the British electorate will ever put them in power.

The Liberals may be content with the prospect of living in perpetuity in the wilderness, consoling themselves with the thought that they can hold the balance between reaction and revolution. Whether they can we are very dubious. But what we are sure of is that unless they radicalise themselves—and not in the direction of nineteenth-century Liberalism, but of twentieth-century Socialism—they will soon be no more than a name and a shadow. In the last words of Burke's famous "Appeal": "The Whigs of this day have before them . . . their constitutional ancestors; they have the doctors of the modern school. They will choose for themselves."

THE WORLD ECONOMIC OUTLOOK

ARE we, or are we not, at the bottom of the world depression, and getting near to the moment when we can at least begin the slow and painful climb out of the abyss? Stock exchange movements have recently suggested that we are, and many of the produce markets have shown some corroborative evidence. The prices of some international commodities have shown a significant tendency to rise; and the recovery in many share values, including important equities in the United States, has been dramatic. But, on the other hand, world trade is still shrinking, and unemployment growing. There has been no real revival of investment or of profits. Wages are still being forced down, and countries are still raising their tariffs yet higher, and imposing more and more drastic restrictions on the movement of goods and money to pay for them.

One thing at any rate the revival in stock exchanges and produce markets can be affirmed to mean. It does indicate that business men are, for the moment, less panicky than they were. There is, in some degree, a momentary revival of confidence, and everyone agrees that confidence is an important factor in the making of world prosperity. But what we want to know is whether the increased confidence, or, perhaps better, diminution of panic, is based on real and continuing grounds. Under the influence of panic anticipations of the future, the prices of securities and commodities, especially in the United States, had been pressed down so far that there was obviously room for substantial improvement without any real change for the better in the economic position. Both securities and goods were being undervalued because of fears of what might happen, and, in as far as these fears were exaggerated, a rise in the prices of these things might occur without any true economic recovery being in prospect. It can hardly be doubted that this is to a substantial extent what has happened, especially in the United States. Now that the outflow of foreign short-term money from America is over, and now that the banks have improved the liquidity of their position, the new credit which is being steadily pumped into the system by American banking policy is beginning to find its way into the stock and produce markets. The question is whether it will lap over from them into an increased monetary demand for the products of industry. Will people who find their paper wealth swollen by the improvement of security values spend and invest more, and so help to revive industrial demand? They may. If they do, reflation in the United States will have gone the first day's journey towards success.

It has, however, to be recognised that there are still no clear signs of this success, and that in any case a stock market revival in the United States has perils as well as advantages from the standpoint of Europe. It might, if it produced a speculative boom in America without a considerable revival of American buying from abroad, give rise to further deflation and further restrictions on foreign exchange in the European countries, and thus even accentuate the depression, with the added danger that, if the boom remained purely speculative, it would be likely to lead on to a still more disastrous collapse. On the other hand, if reflation in the United States were to lead to a real industrial recovery, accompanied by increased American buying of goods from abroad, the benefit would at once accrue to the debtor countries which produce foodstuffs and materials for the American market, and thus indirectly to the European creditor countries, which would be placed in a better position for the collection of their debts. It is of the greatest importance to the world that American reflation should succeed. But the success must be real—that is, it must be based on a real recovery of productive activity and not on artificial speculative respiration.

It is vital that reflation in America shall be part of an international movement, and not merely an isolated national measure. Therein, even more than in the question of war debts, lies the greatest importance of the World Economic Conference which is to meet in a few months' time. Both war debts and tariffs undoubtedly ought to come up for discussion at that Conference; but there ought also to be discussion, and even some action initiated in the field of financial policy, before the Conference meets. If the leading countries can agree in the matter of money, questions of debts and tariffs will be able to be discussed in a quite different, and far more hopeful, atmosphere.

The real question is whether a common financial policy is now possible among the leading countries. World financial opinion has hitherto hovered between two rival and entirely contradictory politics. One school of thought has set out to raise the level of world prices by a combined policy of banking reflation, public stimulation of demand through schemes of work, and the removal of barriers in the way of trade, while the other has sought to scale down costs and incomes in the manufacturing countries in the hope of reaching a new equilibrium between the producers of raw and finished goods at a much lower level of industrial prices and wages. This second policy, apart from the social upheavals to which it must surely give rise, necessarily involves a probably prolonged period of deflation and distress while the painful readjustments of the income structure are being achieved. It would work powerfully against the success of reflation in America, and would promise revival, if at all, only as the reward of further international suffering. Opinion in this country, outside the strictest financial and academic circles (but these unfortunately occupy strong strategic positions) is almost unanimous in rejecting it. In France, where the small *rentier* represents a very powerful political interest, and where this class still keenly resents the devaluation of its savings under the terms of the French return to the gold standard, opinion is far more sharply divided, and it is quite unsafe to take French agreement to the policy of international price-reflation for granted.

The League of Nations, in the first issue of the *World Economic Survey**—a most welcome addition to its valuable output of international economic information and analysis—recognises this as the crucial difficulty in the way of world measure to promote a revival of capitalist industry. Surveying the economic events and tendencies of the past year (up to the middle of 1932), it ends up its tale of disaster made more disastrous by purely nationalistic measures with an attempt to evaluate the tendencies at present in being.

* *World Economic Survey*, 1931-32. League of Nations. Allen and Unwin, 6s.

It sees, in the recent agreement between Belgium, Luxembourg and Holland for the lowering of tariff barriers the one really effective international measure that has yet been put into actual operation. But it considers that the Lausanne Conference, even without positive ratification, has created a more hopeful atmosphere for further international discussions, and that recent developments in the stock and produce markets at least make the chances of any measures the leading countries can be induced to take in concert a good deal better than they were a few months ago. But at this point the author of the *Survey* comes up against the rock of conflicting financial policies. The success of international measures depends on international agreement about objectives. He clearly does not give much for the chances of any such agreement being secured. "Individual countries," he writes, "will seek a new equilibrium by different methods, and the restoration of international equilibrium will follow gradually. There is no easy way of escape from such a confused and complex situation as that which has been outlined above."

If this view of the facts is right, and each nation is likely to continue its reliance on national measures, without international co-ordination or agreement, is it a correct conclusion that "the restoration of international equilibrium will follow gradually"? We very much doubt if it is. Surely it is more probable that, under these conditions, conflicting national measures will continue to make the situation worse, until one country after another is forced into revolution by the sheer breakdown of its own sector of capitalist production and exchange. Indeed, if the nations are to remain bottled up each in its own isolationist economic nationalism, sheer breakdown may be the best of the bad things that can happen. But is it really necessary to take so defeatist a view, possibly correct as it must certainly be admitted to be? Is it not possible that joint action based on a real agreement about policy might be secured, at any rate between the United States, the South American Republics, Great Britain and the Empire and European countries within the "sterling" sphere of influence, and that this combination, which could probably include Germany as well, could be fully powerful enough to effect what it wanted even in face of the disagreement of others? Nay, is it not likely that if these countries could agree to act together the rest of the world would be compelled, even if reluctantly, to follow any policy which they laid down?

Obviously, if this view is right, the key to the situation is agreement between Great Britain and the United States on the basis of an agreed policy of monetary reflation. The obstacles to such a policy are, we think, more likely to be found here than in the United States; and the first step is for British statesmanship to come down plainly on the reflationist side. If we are prepared to adopt a courageous reflationist, and expansionist, financial policy in union with the United States, it will be well worth our while to leave such questions as tariffs and war debts in the background for the time being, with the assurance that they can be approached in a new atmosphere when once the new financial policy has been definitely launched upon the world.

The Americans are "reflating" already, and we are not. Are we prepared to make the national reflation in the United States the basis for an international policy of monetary expansion?

If so, the sooner our Government says so the better; and the more the preliminary discussions of the experts, who are to meet shortly to prepare the ground for the World Economic Conference, can be concentrated upon this point the greater is the hope that the Conference itself will be able to lay sure foundations for an international revival. Failing that, capitalism is heading for a disaster which the world is ill prepared to face, because in most countries Socialism is still unready to take its place upon the vacant throne.

A LONDON DIARY

WHILE Sir Oswald Mosley's brown-shirted Fascists are making their bow in this country, I hear, with some surprise, that Fascism, in the form of a Khaki Shirt movement, has also reached America. Some of its leaders have gone so far as to predict that there will be no election in November, that between November 1st and 8th there will be a "March on Washington," followed by a *coup d'état*. But, leaving all such nonsense aside, there does, I gather, exist a semi-military organisation of Khaki Shirts, some hundreds of thousands strong. They are strongest in the Middle West, and their programme is a combination of extreme American chauvinism and of heterodox measures for currency reform. They demand inflation, the creation of consumer-credit on a scale suggestive of the Douglas scheme, and unemployment insurance. At the same time they demand a stronger army, the deportation of "radicals," and the further restriction of immigration. And, oddly, although they plan a *coup d'état* and the substitution of new rulers for old by force of arms, they declare that they stand for the support of the Constitution. An American friend explains this to me by saying that "the Constitution" no longer has its old legal significance in the United States: it stands "for godliness, cleanliness, and sexual regularity."

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It is significant that this talk of revolution in America comes from the middle class, from the farmers and the small traders and manufacturers. Hostility to the banking system, and impatience with the dishonest muddles of democracy, is about all that it amounts to at present, but if it found a leader who could attach to it an impersonal ideal, such as that of the Corporate State, it might become an important factor in American life. The extraordinary thing is that American radicalism seems so far to show no signs of being able to use the present appalling economic situation to build a powerful movement. Mr. Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate for President, is an amiable, intelligent man, high-minded, but surely ineffective. He appears to have learned nothing from the *débâcle* of the British Labour Party, and still lives in the period when people believed that you could convert a capitalist into a socialist state simply by being nice and reasonable. The result is that the educated "protest vote" in America is being given to a Socialist Party whose activities have small reality; meanwhile, the uneducated malcontents are being drilled, on Fascist lines, by Commander-in-Chief Art Smith, a mercenary soldier, who has fought for China's Christian General, for the Cossacks, and for the Riffians.

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The talks programmes of the B.B.C. show that those who direct this part of the Corporation's activities are commendably anxious for novelty and seriousness. Two of the new series of talks this autumn are of considerable interest. One is called "How the Mind Works." The first six talks here deal with the child, and the second six with the adult. The significant point is that three of them are to be delivered by the President of the International Psycho-Analytical Association. (Is this a misnomer for the Institute of Psycho-Analysis?) I compliment the B.B.C. on having the sense and courage to call on the psycho-analysts to help in explaining to us how our minds work. The second series is called "The Law of the Land." In this series Lord Macmillan first explains what the law is, and Mr. Fifoot then explains how it functions: there follow four debates on such legal problems as the reform of the jury system, divorce, and our penal system. I hope that in these debates some opportunity will be given for those who see grave defects in British law and its administration to put their point of view before listeners. A third new series of talks began disastrously on Monday, as many people heard, with the loss of Mr. Priestley's manuscript, but there are distinct possi-

bilities in the idea of having "Talks to Unknown Listeners." Another innovation which I rather like is the short reading of famous passages which now precedes the "Goodnight Everyone," though I think the reading of them might be improved. And while I am on the subject of the B.B.C.'s virtues, I should like to say that I give it a good mark for the recent improvement in its musical programmes. What a blessing it is when the director has the courage to give us some good chamber music!

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I travelled back from the Labour Party Conference at the end of last week with two men who have had many years' experience of the international Labour movement, one an Englishman, the other a Frenchman, and their reflections upon the calibre of the delegates to whom we had just been listening for the better part of a week were very interesting to me. They agreed that the oratorical and intellectual powers of the rank and file, as well as of the leaders, in these Labour Party conferences have improved out of all knowledge in recent years. The level of speeches among Trade Unionists at Leicester was very high. The old Labour oratory, with its tub-thumping rhythm, is never heard now. In the mouth of a master, like Tom Mann or the present Prime Minister, that kind of rhetoric had something to say for itself as a display, but the modern world of Labour has no use for it. The Frenchman told us that the same thing has happened in France: a speaker like Renaudel, an artist in his way—who will stand motionless on the platform except for the movement of one uplifted finger while an amazing fountain of words, words, words plays over his audience—is now hardly tolerated. In both countries to-day speeches are tart, business-like, and intellectually argumentative. The Conference at Leicester showed that there can be artistry in this method of oratory, too; for instance, Mr. Bevin, and, in a very different style, Mr. Shinwell.

* * *

At a time when the British Government is carefully explaining to Germany that she has no legal right to re-arm, and when the rest of the world is frantically wondering what is to happen if we do not all disarm, I find that Messrs. Vickers-Armstrong are advertising largely in the German technical military press. One advertisement in *Wehr und Waggen* announces a tractor which is very "unbemerkbar," and handy, and will accommodate eight completely equipped men and carry 300 kilograms of munitions. Others appear in the *Militar-Wochenblatt*. One gives a picture of a 105 mm. field howitzer on a movable platform, and another advertises a new type of tank—and tanks are forbidden to Germany under the Treaty of Versailles.

* * *

The game of getting a little propaganda across while ostensibly teaching a science has long been practised by economists and other instructors of the young. William Cobbett had an ingenious way of teaching grammar. One of his examples of the use of the verb "to be" runs something like this (I've forgotten the exact words): "To say that 'all kings and priests *is* liars and oppressors of the poor' is not correct, but it *is* correct to say that 'all kings and priests *are* liars and oppressors of the poor.'" The latest recruit to this pleasant little art is Mr. R. H. Naylor, the astrologer, who writes on "What the Stars Foretell" in Beaverbrook's Sunday paper.

> The passage of Mars through Leo during October and November will surely disturb France and the French . . . The stars of France are not the stars of Britain and the sooner this is realised the better for us. The stars now show that Britain is once again in danger of shouldering new burdens, engineered by French diplomacy . . .

Again:

> Well called "The Awakener," Uranus will, before it leaves Aries two or three years hence, have literally electrified this little island.
>
> In British industry the effect of Uranus will be wonderfully constructive. British supremacy in engineering will reassert itself: the day of foreign importers of household "gadgets" and industrial machinery is gone.

Almost as good as Cobbett, I call it.

* * *

A friend of mine in Ireland the other day asked an Irishman if he did not think that the trouble in Ireland was not at bottom all a question of religion. "Och," said the Irishman, "religion has nothing to do with it, it's all these damned Protestants about the place that make the trouble."

* * *

I gather from the *News-Chronicle* that Mr. and Mrs. John Evans are getting into trouble at Ruthin, in Denbighshire, for having won a prize in the Irish Sweepstake. Some of his fellow-members of the Calvinistic Methodist Chapel, of which he was at one time a deacon, suggest that he used not to approve of sweepstakes himself, and that "he should be expelled from membership of the chapel." Mr. Evans is reported to have replied as follows:

> I certainly did not approve of sweepstakes, but when I bought this ticket from a neighbouring farmer I had no idea that I should win.

* * *

From an announcement of a part to be played by Miss Gloria Swanson:

> A woman of ice melted by love. . . . She was cool, cold, frigid in the face of life—but face to face with love her soul smouldered into rapture, and buried its hand deep into the heart of a woman who thought she was immune!

CRITIC.

THE FOUR BLOOD GROUPS

IT is difficult to decide whether those vague foreshadowings of modern scientific knowledge which are so frequently found in ancient literatures are mere meaningless guesses or whether they are significant indications that the twentieth century has been anticipated in some of its most surprising discoveries. An old Chinese book, *Sen-en-roku*, dated 1247, cited by Professor Lattes* on the authority of Furuhata, an eminent Japanese serologist, advocates, as a means of determining paternity in disputed cases, mixing the blood of the two parties. In January, 1932, in the Dublin Circuit Court, a farmer successfully appealed against an affiliation order awarded against him by the district Court. The Bernstein blood test was used in the presence of a State pathologist, three doctors, and legal representatives of both sides. It was held to prove that the man was not the father of the child. It was the first instance within the British Isles of the blood agglutination test being used in legal proceedings to decide a paternity case. In Germany and Austria the number of cases in which this test is used runs into thousands per year, and blood "grouping" has become a *res judicata* in most European countries.

The facts concerning the blood groups are now established on a sound scientific basis. The technique for employing the test is a simple and reliable one in the hands of experienced workers. Human beings may be classified more precisely by blood grouping than by, say, the colour of their eyes or their hair, their finger prints, or any other physical characteristic. The blood group is, moreover, a character which remains fixed throughout life and is strictly heritable according to simple Mendelian principles. We can thus forecast within certain limits to which group the children will belong if the grouping of the parents is known.

The League of Nations has not weaned mankind from war, but amongst its minor international services it has, through its serological committee, lately introduced a

* *Individuality of the Blood in Biology and in Clinical and Forensic Medicine.* By Professor Leone Lattes. Trans. by Howard Bertie. 1932. Oxford University Press. 30s.

standard nomenclature for the Four Blood Groups to one of which every human being belongs. When human blood clots it can be seen to separate into two parts—clear fluid, the serum, and a mass of red cells or corpuscles which are normally suspended in the fluid. The four groups are characterised by the possession or the lack of certain substances in the serum called agglutinins, and certain other substances in the cells called agglutinogens. The latter are of two kinds usually styled A and B, and have the property of rendering the cells liable to become clumped or agglutinated. The former are also of two kinds, anti-A or alpha, and anti-B or beta. They have the property of being able to cause agglutination in the cells. Alpha will agglutinate A but not B. Beta will agglutinate B but not A. As we might expect, A is never found in the same blood with alpha nor B with beta. Hence there are four kinds or groups of blood: Persons having neither A nor B in their blood cells have both alpha and beta in their serum. This is the group denoted by "O." Persons having both A and B have neither alpha nor beta. This is the "AB" group. There are two intermediate groups, namely persons having A and beta only, the "A" group; and persons having B and alpha only, the "B" group.

Since A-group blood contains the beta agglutinin and B-group the alpha agglutinin, each is antagonistic to the other. Such a transfusion operation as is frequently resorted to in cases of severe loss of blood, if it should involve two persons from incompatible groups such as A and B, would probably prove fatal to the patient. A's blood in fact will agglutinate that of B and of AB. B's will agglutinate that of A and of AB. The AB group, possessing no agglutinins, will not affect any other group, but, having both agglutinogens, will be affected by any blood outside its own group. Conversely, the O group having both alpha and beta will act on all the groups except its own, being itself immune from agglutination by reason of possessing no agglutinogens.

Hence the importance of choosing a donor whose blood is compatible when transfusion has to be performed. In practice, the danger is not, as might be supposed, that of the agglutinins from the donor (A) clumping the cells of the recipient (B); for the amount of beta that enters B's blood is inconsiderable. It is that the donor A's blood, having mixed with that of the recipient, will become agglutinated through the alpha substance in the recipient's blood, and thus cause obstruction to B's circulation, with serious and possibly fatal results. Thus the "universal donor" belongs to the group O, whose cells are not capable of agglutination by any serum. The one-time mysterious fatalities which occasionally attended blood transfusions are now explained, and ample precautions are taken to avoid them. Blood donors, whether voluntary or professional, are typed according to their natural groups for service in hospitals when blood is required. In Vienna, volunteers from amongst the workmen have been classified according to their groups so that in case of a serious accident the injured man may be accompanied by one of his mates belonging to the same group and ready to act as donor for transfusion if required.

It is not necessary to endanger anybody's life to determine the blood group to which he belongs, for the reactions which take place in the circulatory system can be equally well observed in a test tube. A single drop of blood will yield accurate information about its owner. He may by it be relegated definitely to one of the four groups. A drop of blood from a father or mother will give accurate, but less precise, information concerning the offspring. Bernstein has recently established the exact mode of inheritance of the blood groups. Thus an O parent cannot have an AB child nor can an AB parent have an O child. An A parent can have a B child only if the other parent is B or AB, and so on. Though the blood group of the child is uniquely defined in one case only, that of the marriage of O and O, it is possible in every type of mating to state that certain groups are not possible in the offspring. In this lies the value of the test in legal proceedings. A man charged with the paternity of a child is found to belong to group A. If the child is group B and the mother group A, the father must be B or AB. Since the man's group is A he cannot be the father.

The test does not always give a decision. Suppose the man were A, the woman B, and the child AB. The accused might or might not be the father. Recourse must be had to other lines of evidence. Recently two new agglutinogens M and N have been shown to follow the Mendelian laws of inheritance independently of the A and B agglutinogens. As a result the possibility of determining parenthood and the identity of blood with certainty has been doubled. The applications of all this knowledge to legal practice may easily be imagined. Besides the numerous cases of disputed paternity the test may give assistance in establishing identity in the most romantic and the most prosaic cases of lost heirs or of mixed babies. With the blood test King Solomon's wisdom need not have been tempted to the point of threatening the disputed baby with the sword; unless both mothers had proved to be of the same blood group or the baby's group compatible with either. Neither Perkin Warbeck nor Lambert Simnel might have "got away with it" as long as they did. Insurance companies might find such a test of identity applicable to doubtful beneficiaries.

But it is the modern Sherlock Holmes to whom blood grouping is a new engine of power. Not only is a minute quantity of blood referable by a comparatively simple technique to its group, and in addition to group M or N, but old blood, dried blood, blood that has been subjected to extremes of heat or cold, still retain their characteristic group properties. A single spot of blood on a garment may yield evidence of the owner's blood group. Even more remarkable is the application of the groups to other body fluids. Most of the tissues of the body have been found to contain the group agglutinins proper to them, and agglutinogens similar to those of the red corpuscles have been found in the saliva, the milk, the seminal fluid and other secretions and in the various excretory products. Even tears are not idle tears to the blood group expert. Dried stains yield evidence that may be of critical importance in criminal cases. Murder, assault, robbery and rape are amongst the crimes in the investigation of which blood group determination may be of value. It has already been applied, at least in Japan, where much of the blood group research has been effected, to the detection of the culprit in crimes of violence.

Generally speaking, the four groups are found throughout the world. They are by no means distributed evenly. They are not determined by geographical location. Though they are quite clearly heritable Mendelian characters, it is not possible to determine the race of an individual by his blood group, for all four groups are found in almost every "racial" sample hitherto examined. Nevertheless, there are characteristic proportions for different peoples. In European and African peoples the O group comprises from 35 to 45 per cent. of the population. Amongst Asiatic peoples only 20 to 35 per cent. In certain races where little intermixture has taken place, the O group constitutes a very high proportion, as, for instance, in Amerindians, aboriginal Australians, Eskimos and Lapps, varying from 50 to 90 per cent. and even 100 per cent. in some groups of South American Indians.

AUTOSOME.

THE RIGHT TO BE BITTER

MR. ST. JOHN ERVINE has been taking Mr. Bernard Shaw to task for the bitterness of *Too True to be Good*. The young, he argues, have the right to be bitter, but not the old. I do not propose to go into the question how far anybody at any age has the right to

be bitter on public grounds, but I do wish to say a word in defence of the right of old and middle-aged people to be as bitter as anybody else, particularly at the present day. For some time past it has been generally conceded that anybody under the age of forty is entitled to be as bitter as he chooses—to go forth eagerly in search of disillusionment and to discover futility as the pearl of great price. The young Moses of our times has often seemed suspiciously like a man offering to lead his followers not out of the wilderness but into a gloomier wilderness than they had yet dreamed of. We have taken it for granted that we who are old and middle-aged have somehow failed the young, and that the young do well to be shocked by the way in which we have muddled everything. If many of the young believe in nothing, we say that it is no wonder, since selfish incompetence such as ours would be enough to destroy the faith of a race of infant Samuels.

There is some truth in the indictment. If we had been wise or even ordinarily intelligent, we might possibly have prevented an earthquake. We did not prevent it, with the result that the young came into a seriously dilapidated world as their inheritance. On the other hand, it is possible to argue that the earthquake was a natural convulsion beyond human control, and that, though means of mastering Nature even in her most violent moods may yet be discovered, they did not exist in the early twentieth century. However one looks at the matter one thing is certain. The way the world has gone in the last twenty years has given as great a shock to the old as to the young—possibly even a greater shock.

After all, the old grew up in a world which seemed to be steadily progressing towards something better. Everybody believed in progress. Even the Conservative believed in it, though he thought that the pace was getting a little fast. Europe seemed to have outgrown her more homicidal tendencies, and wars became distant events of minor interest in comparison with a new play or a cricket match. A serene atmosphere of security prevailed. Passions might be aroused over the menace of Home Rule, but everybody who objected to Home Rule believed that the whole thing would be settled by votes. Never before in history had the vote been so idealised. The general notion was that if you gave the right people votes there was no further need to worry. Some people said, "Give everybody votes," and believed that, if this were done, everybody would in time be happy. The Victorian, however, believed not only in progress and in votes, but in education. He was convinced that if you taught everybody reading, writing, and arithmetic, everybody would gradually be won over to the true, the beautiful, and the good. A few Victorians suggested that education was very expensive for the taxpayer, and some even maintained that it made the workers discontented, and led to their breaking things in the factories. The educationists triumphed, however, and the Victorians marched all the more confidently towards the future under the banner of the three R's.

It would be a mistake, of course, for a young Georgian to imagine that there was only one type of Victorian. There were Communists as well as Conservatives and Liberals during the reign of Queen Victoria, as there are to-day—rationalists as well as religious men and women. Even so, the Victorian revolutionary or "subversive," or whatever you like to call him, shared to an extraordinary degree the optimism of his opponents. He believed that all was going well and that, by the time his ideals were put into practice, the sun would shine on an unprecedentedly happy world. The Communist believed that, with the success of Communism, men would love each other like brothers and would lead perfect lives and like looking at good pictures and have no need of policemen to protect them from each other. The Irish Nationalist believed that, when his country was free, the dove of peace would circle over his country for twenty-four hours a day and the troubled history of a nation would end in the fashion of a conventional fairy tale. Even the atheist was optimistic in those days: he was convinced that marvellous things would happen if everybody believed that there was no God.

Thus, the Victorian age might be characterised as the age of illusions—illusions about freedom, progress, votes, education, and all sorts of things. There was even an illusion (against which Sir Norman Angell uttered a warning) that those who won a war could make the defeated defray the cost. Never before, surely, did millions of such simple-minded dreamers exist on our planet. Why, Free Traders in those days believed that in Free Trade they had discovered the one thing the omission of a reference to which from the Ten Commandmants had led to the comparative failure of that code to bring about an earthly paradise.

Now, the young have had no such dreams as these to wake out of. They grew up, not in an age of romanticism, but in an age of realism. They enjoyed more freedom than the Victorian, and, on the whole, a greater share of material comforts, but obviously they could not become the victims of the absurd theory that everything was going very well. They saw the dreams of their elders put to the test of reality and turning in the process into nightmares. But what is there to embitter a young man in this? Surely, if anybody has the right to cry out over the letter it is the disillusioned old, not the never-illusioned young. The contrast between the world as it is and the world as the old and the middle-aged expected it to be by the year 1932 is appalling. But those who have grown up since the war have had no reason to believe that human beings would ever behave with what is called ordinary common sense, and so have escaped the bitterness of disillusionment.

I fancy, however, that the young of to-day have more illusions of their own than the old give them credit for. It is a law of life that man must deceive himself—certainly when he is young, and, if he is lucky, till the day of his death. Reason tells us that everything is an experiment, whether Free Trade or Fascism or Bolshevism or Prohibition or Democracy, and that we should never be unduly dispirited if an experiment fails. Human nature, however, is such that we can never find enough energy to make an experiment with an idea unless we believe that the results of the experiment are certain to be glorious. We back our certainties as lovers of horses back certainties on the Turf, and, if we did not regard uncertainties as certainties, we should not have the courage to stake so much on them. I know a man who had this religious faith in Orwell in the Derby, and lost £100 on him. I warned him that a bet on Orwell was experimental, but he had the faith that moves mountains though it cannot find a Derby winner. That millions of the young have similar faith in various political and social ideals to-day I feel reasonably confident. If they have, there is no reason for them to feel bitter for another forty years or so. Their experiments have not yet failed, or, if they have, the young idealists will not admit it.

Not that I would advocate bitterness even in the old. The farthest I would go would be to insist that the old have as much right to be bitter as anybody else—or rather more. Mr. Shaw, in particular, I should like to see given a licence by the State to be bitter, since he can make bitterness both moving and amusing. But, on the whole, the old and middle-aged have reason to cheer up. Their experiments with freedom, votes, and education may have produced infinitesimal results compared with those that were expected; but, at least, they produced results that would justify a scientifically minded man in continuing the experiments. I met a man in his fifties the other day who still believes in progress. He may conceivably be right.

Y. Y.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A local Conservative Association has proposed that the party should adopt a new name, "thus enabling . . . the electors generally to adhere permanently to the National Cause as represented by the present Government."

TO my innocent mind, all political strife
Called for thoughtful decisions that complicate life;
Then how joyful to know that all partisan claims
Can be cancelled and merged by the science of names!

The Whites, let us say, have been prone to attack
Whatever was painted unflinchingly black;
But if black were called "grey" it would surely unite
With the lovers of black the adherents of white.

It is names and not measures that stick in the throat;
So if Tories would capture the Radical vote,
By no change in their programme need voters be bribed,
But only the title by which 'tis described.

We were taught by our sires: "By their fruits ye shall know them;
Figs come from a fig-tree and thistles don't grow them."
"By re-naming the plant," *we* shall teach to our heirs,
"You can change, in an instant, the fruit that it bears."

MACFLECKNOE.

Correspondence

CIRCULAR 1421

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Tawney, in his letter on the proposals to reduce free places in Secondary Schools, has, with undeniable skill, first placed the Government in a false position and then, to a flourish of indignant trumpets, exploded the ground beneath them. He makes it appear that we are faced with a choice between two different conceptions of civilisation, one in which the interests of a moneyed class come first, and one in which the first consideration is the welfare of the community. Stated like this, there is, of course, no answer at all to his letter. The proposed step of the Government is unquestionably retrograde.

But is this a fair statement of the case? Is it really the principle of free education which is at stake? Would it not be truer to say that the proposal is simply a measure designed to remove from the shoulders of the community at large a financial burden which, in certain cases, could and should be borne by the individual parent. It is well known that at present many parents are getting, quite free, from the community, educational services for which they could easily afford to pay, and it is not unnatural that the Government should seek to stop this. The new proposals do not exclude the child of poor parents. They merely insist that, above a certain income, parents should pay something at least towards the education of their children. It is, of course, arguable that the Government has placed the income standard unduly low, but even then it should be noted that a parent who is only just above the standard does not have to pay the whole fee, but only a small portion of it.

Mr. Tawney would have us believe that we are face to face with "class war in the schools," with an attack on the principle of free education. That is, in my view at least, a complete misunderstanding. It is not a case of principle at all, but of degree. It is simply a question of the degree of poverty necessary before the principle of free education comes into play.

West Hill House, Harrow. T. R. O. FIELD.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—"But even the most extreme 'economist' would hardly propose a fee for elementary schools," wrote Lady Simon in your last issue. It may interest Lady Simon and educationists in other parts of the country to know that, in the course of an interview on Circular 1421, the Secretary for Education in Cornwall not only treated this contemptible document as if it were easily defensible because of "the need for economy," but went on to say: "A lot of parents of elementary school children would not object to paying a shilling a week." When an official, whose sole object, one might suppose, would be to improve (or at least preserve) educational facilities on a decent basis, so easily falls a victim to the "economy" panic, how can one expect that the fabric shall be preserved in a country like this, where educationists have had to build with painful slowness and in the teeth of bitter opposition? *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

CORNISHMAN.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your statement of "the present practice in London," that "a child of parents with as much as £250 p.a. who wins a free place to-day not only receives a secondary education free of charge, but also almost always receives a scholarship for maintenance," if true, reveals undue extravagance.

No such practice obtains in Leicester, where a means test on a rather severer scale than that contemplated by the Board has been in force for several years without arousing opposition. Not merely "some portion" but the whole of the fee is payable by those who fail to qualify for free places.

The statement that "the circular . . . deliberately aims at discouraging secondary education for poor people" is a red herring.

The difficulty here lies not so much in persuading disqualified applicants for free places to pay for their children, as in ensuring that the class of parent who is eligible under the means test will allow his child to accept the facilities offered. At one local elementary school over 50 per cent. of such parents refused free scholarships, although graduated maintenance allowances are available from the child's attaining the age of twelve.

16, Craighill Road, Knighton, Leicester. RETRENCHMENT.

D.O.R.A.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Your editorial comment on the "Dora organisation" will surprise many of your readers. I have not seen the manifesto from which you quote, but if it has been issued under the auspices of the Mayor of Deal I am certainly in general sympathy with his campaign. There can be no reasonable doubt that the liberty of the individual has diminished, is diminishing, and will be further diminished in this country unless constant protests are made, and it is surprising that a journal with your traditions and outlook should imply the contrary. You say that you can extend no special welcome to the new organisation. But why do you specially attack it?

Reform Club, S.W. E. M. FORSTER.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—If a respectable woman wants to buy half a bottle of brandy for medicinal purposes, I do not see why she should be forced by law to obtain it from a public house. If a traveller who has forgotten to pack his soap discovers this omission after 8 p.m. and finds a chemist's shop open and able to supply his needs, I do not see why he should be forced by law either to content himself with a cake of coal tar (or some other "medicated" soap) or remain unwashed. If an English paterfamilias is patriotic enough to spend his summer holidays in an English seaside resort, I do not see why he should be forced by law either to knock off his tennis and dine by daylight, or else to forego his modest nightcap. If an English or foreign tourist, travelling on Sunday, is unable to arrange to be hungry before (in most districts) 2 p.m., I do not see why he should be forced by law to go without his usual glass of beer with his midday meal.

Feeling as I do that these and similar exasperating absurdities should be swept away as soon as possible, I welcomed the formation of the D.O.R.A. Force, and the energetic action taken by the Mayor of Deal. To the former organisation I contributed a modest coin (by some unaccountable oversight on their part the Brewers' bribes have not yet reached me) and I also complied with a request to draft a brief statement of "aims and objects" which, with some alterations and additions, has been incorporated in the booklet on which you comment in your issue of October 8th.

The result of this, as I supposed, harmless display of public spirit on my part has proved an eye-opener, despite the fact that I have had about twenty years' experience of political

controversy. Of the newspaper comments I have read on the D.O.R.A. Force booklet all, without exception, have taken for granted that the Brewers or "the Trade" are behind the movement and that those who have supported it must be animated by base ulterior motives. The "drys" cannot, apparently, conceive it possible that anyone should be so foolish as to do any work for nothing! It has, alas, been reserved for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to refer to those whose statements precede mine in the D.O.R.A. booklet—Sir William Arbuthnot Lane, Bt., the Countess of Oxford and Asquith, the Countess of Mayo, Catherine Countess of Westmorland and Mr. George Robey—as a "handful of 'Bohemians' and littérateurs"! Later in your note the D.O.R.A. Force is described as a mixed organisation composed of "the publican and the publicist, the cynic and the sinner," and you further volunteer the statement that we can only succeed ultimately in "darkening counsel and confusing the real issue."

After this explosion of abuse, a proportion of which is presumably aimed at my own much-battered head, perhaps I may be allowed to state that to my knowledge no one connected with "the Trade" had any hand whatever in starting the D.O.R.A. Force, nor have the wicked Brewers supported it financially or in any other way. I have it also, on the authority of the Mayor of Deal, that he himself is defraying all the expenses of his forthcoming meeting at the Albert Hall. The suggestion that the Brewers have ever shown any zeal in defending popular rights (or even their own quite legitimate rights) flatters them unduly. What are the various organs of "the Trade" to which you refer, apart from one daily which circulates exclusively among publicans? There is a "Cocoa Press," a temperance press and one very important Sunday newspaper which stands for prohibition. But where is the "Beer Press"? "The Trade," you say, "is already far too powerful an influence in politics." The retention by Mr. Chamberlain of Lord Snowden's inexcusable "extra penny on the pint"—a triumph for the soft drink manufacturers, a magnificent piece of tax-dodging for the teetotal section of the community, but a cause of deep resentment among the working classes—hardly indicates that the Brewers have any power even to lend force to a widespread popular demand.

Finally, Sir, as the last thing I wish to do, as a good citizen, is either to "darken counsel" or "confuse the real issue," on this important question, may I ask you to enlighten my fellow publicists and publicans, cynics and sinners, "Bohemians" and littérateurs, by stating what, in your opinion, the "real issue" really is?

London, W.9. DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

[The sooner prudish restrictions about bathing costumes and the like are swept away the better pleased we shall be. And by all means get rid of any silly anomalies. But we have grown wary of this D.O.R.A. talk. Inquiry usually shows that all the steam comes from a desire to extend licensing hours, for which we have not yet seen a good case made. Most if not all the restrictions of which Mr. Goldring complains have been imposed in the interests of shop assistants whose few hours of liberty seem to us more important than Mr. Goldring's liberty to purchase things after hours that he could perfectly well have bought before closing time. How much D.O.R.A. legislation really survives to-day except in the minds of people whose idea of liberty is that they should always get what they want, when they want it whatever the effect on other people?—ED., *N.S.& N.*]

CHILDREN'S MORALS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Some eight days ago a letter went out to the press signed by one archbishop, two bishops and various men (no women) condemning the *Outline for Boys and Girls and their Parents*, published and edited by us. This letter, which clearly professed to represent organised Christianity, has called down on itself so many answers, both from Christians and non-Christians, that we have not felt the need for a formal answer from ourselves; nor do we propose to answer in detail now. That has largely been done. One at least of the signatories could not, we think, have read the book in full; certain others were perhaps moved by economic and political bias to attack our book on moral grounds. That we must overlook [illegible] in defence not only of the contributors to the *Outline*, but also of the many people who wrote to us originally in its praise (including for instance such Christians as Canon Dearmer), we should like to say that we know there is nothing in the book which could do anything but make children saner, healthier, happier, better citizens of the world and the future.

In a single volume our authors have naturally not told everything: how could they? This is only an outline of the great mass of human knowledge; it is not, for instance, an outline of theology; nor do we think it likely or indeed possible that what is written in the book is free from all error. But we are convinced of this: that, if not for the first time then very nearly so, men and women writing for children have told the truth as objectively as possible.

One of us is the mother of five children; the other is the father of five children. We believe that we are practically in touch with the needs of growing children, and that we have given our children and other children something which those who signed the protest against our book have not had, and will not have the courage to attempt.

NAOMI MITCHISON.
VICTOR GOLLANCZ.

River Court,
Hammersmith Mall, W.6.

EAR-RINGS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Much as I appreciated Y.Y.'s delightful article on ear-rings, I am afraid that his romantic temperament has led him from the point, which is that, whether ear-rings add to womanly charm or not, they certainly do not detract from it as spectacles do. The wearing of ear-rings to strengthen the eyes is a wrinkle that was known to every coal-heaver and dustman in my youth. Since women left off ear-rings they have had to adopt glasses, as everyone might have known would be the case; and if the revival of ear-rings is followed, as logically it must be, by the falling into disuse of spectacles, it is a consummation most devoutly to be wished. It is easier for a woman to be charming with rings in the ear than with glasses on the nose.

76 Corringham Road, G. J. ALLEN.
N.W.11.

THE FILM INSTITUTE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—In his interesting letter on the above subject in the last issue, Mr. Walter Ashley suggests that in working out a plan for a Film Institute we ought to distinguish clearly between "a limited educational institute concerned with the supervision of films for schools, lectures, etc." and "a National Film Institute on a large scale with wide powers." In presenting us with these cut-and-dried alternatives (supposedly to protect us from "muddled thinking"), Mr. Ashley is surely over simplifying the problem which faces us. He falls into the traditional British error of regarding "education" as something limited in scope and capable of segregation from the general and cultural interests of the community. First of all, he limits "education" to formal instruction, and then goes on to deduce that educators (in this pedagogic sense) are not the right people to play a leading part in the conduct of an experiment which may affect the whole national life. If the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films were merely a body of educational experts trying to lay down the law about matters outside their ken with which others were better acquainted, Mr. Ashley's criticism would have force; but the Commission is neither a collection of pedagogues, as anyone who takes the trouble to examine its membership must admit, nor has it in its Report on "The Film in National Life" taken a pedagogical view of the educational possibilities of the film.

The truth is that the coming into the world of powerful new instruments (such as broadcasting and the cinema) for supplying information and moulding tastes and judgments in the mass has made the old-fashioned distinction between "education" and "entertainment" almost meaningless. The barrier between "education" and "entertainment" has indeed broken down, and the community has woken up to the fact that standards of popular entertainment are of as much importance to social well-being as standards of popular instruction. The experience of broadcasting has proved to us that good entertainment has a definite educational value, and that popular education divorced from traditional pedagogic methods can be made amusing and entertaining. Proof of this is also afforded by the considerable number of present-day films which, having been made for entertainment purposes, are found to possess distinct educational value, while in a few cases experiment is beginning to take place in the opposite process, and films are being made for educational purposes which are found also to possess a wide popular appeal.

This discovery is enlarging and transforming our whole conception of the term "education." Many educational experts of progressive views recognise and sympathise with this change, and are ready to make their contribution towards working out a new technique for its expression. Accordingly, in *The Film in National Life* the question of the introduction of films as aids to teaching in the class room and lecture room, while fully gone into, has been properly subordinated to the bigger and more vital question of the satisfaction of the demand for better films in our public cinema halls. This is a matter in which we are all "amateurs" in the sense in which Mr. Ashley uses the term. The English language has at present no word for describing the vast field which lies between formal instruction on the one hand and pure amusement on the other. As a stop-gap, the word "culture" may be used, in spite of its unpopular associations.

Now the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films repudiates as energetically as does Mr. Ashley the notion that "teachers and educational experts can speak for the whole nation" in this matter. At the same time, the practical representation of what Mr. Ashley calls "the community at large" on the governing body of a Film Institute charged with developing the immense cultural possibilities of the film, particularly in the fields of music, art, religion, the drama, science and industry, presents obvious difficulties. The view of those connected professionally with the film, either as makers, exhibitors, or critics, are of course valuable, but the important thing is to formulate an effective plan for bringing together representatives of the principal cultural interests of the nation (as referred to above) in a co-operative attempt to promote and develop the "serious" uses of the film. This is the work upon which the Commission on Educational and Cultural Films is now engaged. Whether it is called education or culture, or some other name, does not much matter. We do not think it differs materially from that which Mr. Ashley has in mind; but it does not help matters to suppose, as he does, that educators are narrow pedagogues who want to bring the world-wide influence of the film within class-room compass. On the contrary let us envisage this as the beginning of a great forward movement which is likely, if it succeeds, to destroy the time-worn "taboo" that has hitherto surrounded education, with advantage both to educators and to the community as a whole.

J. W. BROWN,
A. C. CAMERON,
Joint Honorary Secretaries.
Commission on Educational and Cultural Films,
15 Taviton Street, W.C.1.

SOCIALISM AT LEICESTER

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The decision of the Conference at Leicester to make the nationalisation of the joint stock banking system a plank for the Labour Party programme seems to me sheer folly.

We all know that the Labour Party has two ways of approach to power—(1) by reasonableness, which means convincing the electorate of the soundness of a Socialist policy and the competence of Socialist leadership, and (2) by force, which means declaring a general strike at some suitable opportunity and erecting street barricades. Now, it is quite clear that (2) has been funked. There is not a Labour leader, not even the fire-breathing Mr. Maxton, who is prepared to use the weapon of a national "hold-up." The British character is such that violence is always met by violence. Try to coerce the British electorate and it becomes as stubborn as Lord Snowden.

Surely the Labour Party's one and only chance of coming to power, as far as we can see, is to put a reasonable financial programme before the electorate which will win the confidence of the left-minded or liberal-minded voter. Nationalising the joint stock banks means nationalising the deposits of the thrifty small capitalist, not the deposits of the large capitalist, because he will have taken his money away from the country long before the election results are declared. This is the way not to win votes but to lose them, not to convince but to frighten the electorate. Of course, it is very bracing for the defeated Socialist candidate to talk of giving the "knock-out" to that arch-capitalist the banker, but if the Labour Party cannot find other relief for its feelings than to commit political suicide it is not very encouraging.

Many non-Socialists believe that the power of the "money barons" ought to be controlled. Most people would gladly nationalise the Bank of England. Has it occurred to the Labour Party that a nationalised Bank of England could supervise and control the joint stock banking system if given certain rights and powers in a new charter? But to discuss the intricacies of the financial system at a mass conference was an absurdity from the beginning. No one would be more angry than the British worker if he found that his leaders, who talk grandly about socialising the financial system, were not competent to run it if they had the power.

E. H. DAVENPORT.

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—The paragraph in your last week's issue about the Socialist League may have excited the curiosity of some of your readers. May I say that the League will be primarily concerned with research, educational and propaganda work in various sections of the Labour movement, and, that while it is applying for affiliation to the Labour Party, it is in no sense a separate Party, nor does it propose to form an electoral machine of its own? Will all those interested please apply to me for further information?

E. A. RADICE.
23 Abingdon Street, S.W.1. General Secretary.

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Are you not a little bit previous in writing of the amalgamation of S.S.I.P. with the remnant of the English I.L.P. in the formation of the new Socialist League?

The membership of S.S.I.P. has not yet been called together, has not yet had an opportunity of expressing its views. All that has happened is that the members of the Executive of S.S.I.P., without consulting the rank and file, decided to go in with that section of the English I.L.P. who did not wish to disaffiliate from the Labour Party, but on the other hand, did not wish to become simply members of the Labour Party.

Those few members of S.S.I.P. who happened to be going to Leicester, informed of the action of their Executive only two or three days before, found themselves—after a surprised and somewhat stormy brief meeting among themselves called an hour before the inaugural meeting of the Socialist League—in a gathering which was in effect run by Mr. Dollan, of the new Scottish Socialist Society, which is, without any pretence, the old affiliated Scottish I.L.P. redivivus.

All the very cogent arguments for the revival of the I.L.P. in Scotland, where the circumstances are quite different, were put forward in advocacy of the establishment of the Socialist League in England. There is no question that the majority of those present wished for, and felt that they were assisting at, the rebirth of the old I.L.P. The ancient who said plaintively, "I can't understand what's happened. I only know that I want to belong to the I.L.P.; but I don't know where it is!" undoubtedly expressed the majority view.

In these circumstances, the minority of S.S.I.P. members who were present strove, though unsuccessfully, to secure two objects:

1. That the members of the Socialist League should be individual members of the Labour Party; and

2. That the new League should really be a missionary body, confining itself to research and propaganda, and not embark on political activities.

They were defeated in every proposal that they brought forward—though the voting went even as close as 90 to 60, with a very large platform voting heavily.

The result seems to be that there will now be four political bodies instead of three, all claiming to be the only pure apostles of Socialism, competing for the allegiance and subscriptions of the confused and mostly rather non-politically minded public; reading from the Left—the Communists, the I.L.P., the Socialist League and the Labour Party. And judging from past experience, our three comrades on the Left will be engaged, for the most part, in trying to make the Labour Party toe three separate lines of varying degrees of redness, rather than in attacking the common enemy.

The members of S.S.I.P. are promised a meeting in the future, where they will have the opportunity of ratifying, or otherwise, the action of their Executive. But what can a member do when presented with the *fait accompli*, when he finds the Executive, the secretary and even, it is said, the office of his organisation, handed over to another body?

It looks almost as if, after all, THE NEW STATESMAN AND

NATION will turn out, as usual, merely to have been indulging in a little bit of intelligent anticipation.

6 Phené Street, S.W.3. L. L'ESTRANGE MALONE.

GRAHAM WALLAS

To the Editor of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION.

SIR,—Friends of the late Professor Graham Wallas are invited to attend a meeting arranged by the London School of Economics to commemorate his life and work. It will take place at 4 p.m. on Wednesday, October 19th, 1932, in the theatre of the School.

Institutions wishing to be officially represented are asked to communicate with the Secretary of the London School of Economics (Holborn 9783), so that seats may be reserved.

London School of Economics, W.C.2. THE SECRETARY.

Miscellany

"DAMP"

HAD not the title of this play, *Dizzy*, given me a clue I might not have recognised Beaconsfield in the doddering, lugubrious old person on the stage of the Westminster Theatre in spite of his imperial and black ringlets. Had not the other characters addressed him by name, it is possible I might not have identified, in the prologue, a limp and crooning Bunthorn with "the young Disraeli"—in spite of his dropping, as it were casually, such remarks as: "A time will come when they *will* hear me," or "Until a man has succeeded he has a right to be conceited." I might have easily supposed that this figure was intended to be an ass. Do not, however, take that impression to be the effect of a subtle realism on the dramatist's part. It is true that the young Disraeli often struck people as a ridiculously fantastic creature, but, on the other hand, he was as apt to startle them suddenly into quite another opinion of him. For us there were no eye-opening surprises; no glint of cynical alertness relieved the paraphrased gush put into his mouth from *Henrietta Temple* about love, or the humanitarian ditto from *Sybil*. And the mournful apparition in scarlet trousers vanished only to give place, forty years on, to a dank and garrulous invalid. This young Disraeli was completely lacking in dash; this old one in impressiveness or mystery.

It is true that "Dizzy" was a sick and very tired man in 1878; it is true he had a romantic attachment to old Lady Bradford. But it was not worth reviving him on the stage in order to exhibit him as dogged by a faithful valet with a medicine glass, or fidgeting plaintively in her absence. Nor was the spectacle of Monte Corry standing respectfully before him, saying, "You must, sir, read this," sufficient to suggest the statesman. You cannot re-create Disraeli with a rug, a red dispatch case, and a few black ringlets. The dramatist omitted to give him anything remarkable to do. But to *say*, you ask? Surely he has given him, at any rate, something clever to *say*? Well, I assure you, what he says does not seem clever.

True, a few authentic Disraelian flashes have been inserted into the dialogue, but in the pervading dampness of it they instantly go out. But the story? The play is called *Dizzy*; he must have something to do with the plot? Yes, he has, but this is the plot.

Before the curtain rises there had been a tiff of some sort between him and his adored Lady Creech over her nephew Lord Dalbraith. This young man of vast fortune is infatuated with a fair Franco-Russian adventuress who is staying in the house, and Lord Beaconsfield has not been against the match. She is accompanied by a financier who passes as her uncle and apparently travels in gramophones. They are spies or swindlers (I'm not sure which, probably both) of the worst description. At one point I hoped we were going to hear this early instrument; but before it was turned on, Lord Beaconsfield, with that penetration for which he was famous, recognises the voice of "the uncle." It recalls (you must imagine his expression at this moment; he can't, of course, smack his finger to the side of his nose—that would be too undignified) the voice of a man whom in his youth he saved from a furious mob in Jerusalem. He paints the scene in a few glowing sentences and boldly concludes that *this* man must be *that* man's son: "Your name is *not* Baron Veurst," he says sternly. At this the scoundrel hangs his head, and from that moment Lord Beaconsfield begins to take Lady Creech's view of the lady and her marriage to the innocent young nobleman. They apparently put a detective on her trail. In a midnight interview in her boudoir at Claythorpe Abbey, following a little champagne supper at which she has just extracted a cheque for £20,000 (as a loan to her brother) from Lord Dalbraith, Lord Beaconsfield, coached by the detective, opens with his favourite gambit, "You have no right to call yourself Renée de Montesson." She winces, and admits that it is not her own name, but that of a dead benefactress who adopted her. Primed by the detective, he is able to put a still more searching question: "Why, then, did you impersonate your sister and thus acquire the fortune of Mme. de Montesson?" But to that, also, she has an answer: "My sister on her death-bed allowed me to impersonate her, as I had been living a bad life, and if I started again as herself she hoped I would turn over a new leaf"—or words to that effect. Instantly, the shrewd old diplomatist pounces on the fatal admission. "Ha! You have not led a pure life. Do you suppose Dalbraith will marry you when I tell him that?" The riposte of the fair adventuress is crushing: "I married Lord Dalbraith by special licence this morning."

The curtain descends too rapidly for us to gauge the full effect of this upon Lord Beaconsfield, but that resourceful though asthmatic man is not at the end of his tether. The indefatigable detective wires later to inform him that Mme. de Montesson is already married to an explorer. This looks final. But she replies that her husband had been missing for seven years and reputed dead, therefore the charge of bigamy would not lie against her second marriage. I do not see what Lord Beaconsfield could have answered to that, had not the detective also fortunately wired to say that he had observed her dining with her husband the night before she married Lord Dalbraith. These events exhibit the efficiency of the off-scene detective rather than the remarkable gifts of Disraeli. Our one glimpse of his manner in international affairs is more unusual than convincing. In a brief interview with Schouvalov, the Russian Ambassador in London, "Dizzy" informs him that Russia will never count as a European country because "she is a nation of slaves," adding, with a prophetic eye to the Soviet, "whatever form autocracy may take." I must say Schouvalov took this insult in very good part. It did not prevent him from consenting most obligingly to put his myrmidons on the track of Mademoiselle Renée and her uncle. Mr. Gladstone, who was staying with a neighbouring duke, called to plead for the erring girl. He and Mrs. Gladstone had met her as a street-walker in Piccadilly, and can vouch for her reformation; and Lord Beaconsfield, thinking at the moment that the disastrous marriage is a *fait accompli*, decides to oblige his great rival and save a scandal. He promises to call off the police. In the last act, badly frightened, she returns the £20,000 to Lord Beaconsfield, who, again acting on the detective's information, points out that she never had a brother and that the cheque had been obtained on false pretences. A sip of wine has flown to the head of the adventuress, and, *in vino veritas*, Renée declares she never would have married Lord Dalbraith (she has already left him); he is far too slow and stupid and passionless. Well, that's that. "Dizzy" has not had much to do with a conclusion for which Lord Dal-

braith may be grateful. And if the audience felt any relief, which I doubt, they owed it entirely to that invisible detective.

Instead of leaving, in such cases, the theatre in silence and with a sigh, I have broken my usual rule by describing this play with the actual coldness which it inspired in me. I have done so in order to try to induce managers in general, and such enthusiastic actors as Mr. Ernest Milton in particular, to examine plays with famous men in them carefully for their merits *as plays*. If the old man in this one had been called "Brown," Mr. Amner Hall would never have dreamt of presenting it; but, bad as it is, it is even the worse for his having been called "Disraeli."

DESMOND MACCARTHY.

A DOG'S NOSE

THE raccoon fur-coat of the merchant Eremei Babkin has been pinched.

The merchant Eremei Babkin has set up a howl. He is sorry, you see, for his fur-coat.

"That fur-coat of mine," he says, "was terribly smart, citizens. Such a pity. I shall spare no expense, but I must find the criminal. I shall spit in his filthy mug."—

And so Eremei Babkin howled for a criminal-investigation detective-dog. There turns up an odd sort of a man in a deer-stalker's hat, wearing puttees, with—attached to his person—a dog. Rather on the large side, the dog—brownish, its mug sharp and unsympathetic.

The man shoved the dog's mug into the scent by the door-post, uttered "*pss*" and stood aside. The dog sniffed the air, rolled its eyes round the assembled crowd (of course people had assembled) and then suddenly goes up to Granny Thekla, from No. 5, and sniffs her skirt-tails.

Granny jumps behind the crowd. The dog grabs her petticoat. Granny to the side—and the dog after her. It catches Granny by the petticoat and doesn't let go.

Granny tumbled on her knees in front of the 'tec.

"Yes," she says, "a cop. I don't deny it. And," she says, "five pails full of home-brew—it's true. And the apparatus—that's true too. All," she says, "there in the bathroom. Lead me to the militia."

Well, the populace is naturally flabbergasted.

"And the fur-coat?" they ask.

"About the fur-coat," she says, "I don't know anything, I haven't got the least idea—but all the rest is true. Take me away, punish me."

So they took Granny away.

Once more the 'tec took his dog, once more he shoved its nose into the scent, uttered "*pss*" and stood aside.

The dog rolled its eyes around, sniffed the empty air, and suddenly walked up to the citizen house-manager.

The house-manager turned chalk-white and collapsed backwards.

"Bind me," he says, "good people true, conscientious citizens. I collected," he says, "the money for the water-rate, and then expended that very money on my private lusts."

Naturally, of course, the inhabitants pounced upon the house-manager and began to tie him up. But in the meantime the dog sidles up to the citizen from No. 7. And starts worrying his pants.

The citizen turned white, crumpled up in front of everybody.

"Guilty," he says, "guilty. It's dead true," he says, "I faked the year of my birth in my labour book. I should," he says, "hefty stallion that I am, be serving in the army and defending my country, but instead I reside in No. 7 and use up electric current plus other communal services. Take me away!"

Everyone was thrown into confusion.

"What," they thought, "marvellous sort of a dog be this?"

And the merchant Eremei Babkin blinked his eyes, looked around, took out some money and handed it to the 'tec.

"Take away your dog," he says, "away to the pigsty with it. Let," he says, "my raccoon fur-coat go west. Dog take it . . ."

But the dog's on the spot. Stands in front of the merchant and wags its tail.

The merchant Eremei Babkin lost his nerve, he walked away, but the dog came after him. Came right up to him and sniffed at his goloshes.

The merchant blenches, turns pale.

"Well then," he says, "God sees the truth, if it be so, I am," he says, "a son of a bitch and a swindler. The fur-coat, boys," he says, "is not mine at all. The fur-coat," he says, "I pinched from my brother. I cry and weep."

But at that moment everyone dashed away in all directions. The dog hadn't time even to sniff the air, so it just grabbed two or three—those that came handy—and holds on to them.

These confessed. One had gambled away government funds, another had bumped his wife with a flat-iron, the third confessed something that isn't nice even to tell.

Everyone had bolted. The yard was empty. There remained only the dog and the 'tec.

And then suddenly the dog approaches the 'tec and wags its tail.

The 'tec turned white and sank to his knees in front of the dog.

"Bite me," he says, "citizeness. I receive," he says, "three chervonets a month for your doggish food, and two of these I spend on myself. . . ."

What happened after that—no one knows. I made myself scarce as fast as I could, away from sin.

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO.

(*Translated by I. M. and S. S. N.*)

[Mikhail Zoshchenko, born in 1895, is one of the most popular writers of post-revolutionary Russia. He has been called by Russians the N. E. P. Tchehov, but beyond the fact that both have written short stories and plays an English reader will notice few similarities. His stories are very short, hardly more than a thousand words long, his plays are mostly one-acters, but he has written enough of these, and of essays and humorous verse, to fill seven volumes in the collected edition of his works. In his determination to be amused by and to see something ludicrous in everything, he resembles most closely American humorists of the old tradition, starting with Artemus Ward. Possibly what the Russians imply by the label they have given him is that, as Tchehov expressed the pessimism of the bourgeoisie in the period of declining capitalism, so Zoshchenko expresses the cynical "fellow-traveller"—all that is left to the bourgeoisie of the period of its gradual extermination by N. E. P. and the economic plan.]

THE ART OF FUGUE

IT was enterprising of the London Symphony Orchestra to give Graeser's version of Bach's celebrated *Die Kunst der Fuge* ("The Art of Fugue") at their first concert of the season and to bring over Hans Weisbach, who was responsible for the performance in Düsseldorf in 1927, to prepare and conduct the performance.

The Art of Fugue is one of those monumental fragments which are occasionally left by great artists that acquire an almost legendary reputation. Like Michelangelo's uncompleted Médici chapel in Florence, or Leonardo da Vinci's ruined "Last Supper," or Keats's second version of *Hyperion*, or Dickens's *Edwin Drood*, it has a mysterious attractiveness that is due partly to its being the last work of its creator and partly to the scale on which it is conceived.

It is by no means clear what Bach's intention was when, in the last two years of his life, he conceived this work. Of one thing we may be certain, and that is he did not intend it as a purely theoretical exposition, for it is hardly credit-

able that such a great musician would have devoted his last powers to mere scholastic exercises. Scholars have disputed as to whether these fugues were intended to be played on musical instruments or not. Schweitzer said they were " purely theoretical," and Dr. Sanford Terry, who contributed the excellent notes to the L.S.O. programme, quotes the late Sir Hubert Parry's opinion that the greater part of *The Art of Fugue* is not " within the range of practical music at all," and that he did not believe Bach " ever intended it to be presented to an audience as a consistent work of art." On the other hand, Professor Donald Tovey considers that it was intended for the keyboard, and as a sort of counter-balance to the earlier *Forty-Eight Preludes and Fugues for the Well-tempered Clavier*. In support of this, Dr. Terry states that the whole of it lies within the stretch of two hands on one keyboard, with the exception of two fugues, Nos. 16 and 18.

It is not for me to rush in among these disputing scholars, but merely to comment on Bach's work from the æsthetic point of view. The version played by the London Symphony Orchestra last week was made by a young German scholar named Wolfgang Graeser, who contributed to the Bach-Jahrbach in 1924 at the age of nineteen a special study of *The Art of Fugue*. He then made an orchestral version of the work, which was performed for the first time in Bach's own church, the Thomaskirche of Leipzig, on June 26, 1927. According to Dr. Terry, Wolfgang Graeser (who died tragically in 1928 before the completion of his university studies) has not altered a single note of Bach's composition, but has merely distributed the parts among the orchestral instruments. Graeser did this because, unlike Professor Tovey, he did not think the work practicable on the keyboard. Included in *The Art of Fugue* are four canons (entitled *Contrapunctus XII-XV*), of which two are for cembalo solo and two for organ solo, also a fugue (*Contrapunctus XVI*), arranged by Bach himself for two cembalos. These were played in their original form, and are the only items in the work which were played on the instruments for which we know Bach intended them. All the other fugues have been allotted by Graeser to instruments according to some scheme of his own.

In listening to this perfomance of *The Art of Fugue* one was troubled by the fact that all these different instrumental timbres were, as far as one knew, quite irrelevant to Bach's purpose. He uses a single subject throughout and expounds it always in the same key (D minor), and this is what distinguishes *The Art of Fugue* from the famous *Well-tempered Clavier*, where he exploits all the keys. It seems obvious that in restricting himself to one key throughout Bach was deliberately trying to get rid of all subsidiary musical elements and show the possibilities of pure fugal design. If this is so—and I cannot see how else we can interpret this voluntary restriction of key—surely Bach would have found differences of instrumental timbre equally or even more distracting? If one wanted to demonstrate the utmost possibilities of the art of counterpoint one would naturally do so in a single tonal medium. In the sense that it would not matter which particular tonal medium was chosen—whether clavier, violin, viola, violoncello, oboe, cor anglais, bassoon, trumpet, or organ—we may declare such a demonstration of fugal art as *abstract*. Personally, my opinion is—and I offer it, of course, not as a scholar but merely from the æsthetic point of view—that Bach did not care what tonal medium his *Art of Fugue* was performed in, and that is why he did not specify it, or write it for any particular instrument or group of instruments. But the essential point to be observed in the performance of this work (if my hypothesis is correct) is that every fugue *should* be given to the same instrument and, certainly, every voice or part in any one fugue *must* be given to the same class of instrument. To distribute the parts of any fugue among different instruments—thus introducing different tonal qualities or timbres—is to interfere vitally with Bach's design.

Surely we must assume that a musician like Bach when writing a fugue would take into account the different timbres and pitches in which the parts of his design would be represented. To make this clearer let me take an analogy from drawing. Are we to suppose that if any great artist were to draw a figure in white chalk the contours of his figure would not be altered if parts of them were rubbed out and red or other coloured chalks substituted, even if the line were kept? In short, colour plays a part in form, and as Bach did not himself choose these instrumental colours for his designs we cannot accept these orchestral versions of his fugues as giving us a correct idea of *The Art of Fugue*. To take one example only, I should like to hear the *Contrapunctus XVI* (which Parry, says Terry, dismissed as an " extremely abstruse joke "), played not on flute, cor anglais and bassoon, but on three flutes or any other three instruments, provided they were all of the same character.

But even with these reservations made, the performance of *The Art of Fugue* was musically enjoyable, and one cannot but be grateful to the L.S.O. for giving us this opportunity of hearing it. *The Art of Fugue* is not a work to be appreciated adequately at a single performance, and one can only hope that there may be further opportunities of hearing it—not necessarily in Graeser's version—in the future.

W. J. TURNER.

A GROUP AND SOME ARTISTS

IT is not hard to distinguish the good work at the thirtieth exhibition of the London Group in Burlington Gardens. Of the seniors, Messrs. Sickert, Thornton, Taylor, and Ginner fulfil, each in characteristic fashion, the confidence that is safely placed in them. Of the rest, Mr. Hyam Myer's *Florence* is an admirable portrait, grave and harmonious, and easily the best picture shown. His other canvases share its composed dignity and generous realism. Miss Vera Cunningham's *Miss Brunton* and *Sketch*, Mr. Booth's *Helen*, Miss Hale's *Goslings*, and Mr. Nicholls' *Still Life* are also successful mouldings of appearance into coherent design without distortion or refusal of any colour-quality in the subject. These signs of a tendency towards fidelity, towards composition arising naturally from the subject, instead of forcing it into a pre-conceived theorem of form, are a heartening feature in what is for the most part a slough of despond.

On occasions of ultimate despair the worst is welcome, for it heralds the end. For such a reason alone can any satisfaction be obtained from the majority of the London Group exhibits. At last, muses the spectator, the final degradation has been reached, the depths of dreary ineptitude are plumbed. After manufacturing this smudgy host of canvases, as though impelled by a malignant herd-instinct for inflicting boredom, the painters can do no more than fling down their brushes. Then some future age may celebrate their efforts, carving above the door a brief memorial :

" In clouded majesty here Dullness shone."

One doubts whether most of the exhibitors even know their craft. Oils admit of a devastatingly specious facility, and it is too obvious that they have begun to paint before they can draw. It is their duty, as it will be the delight of the public, to visit Mr. Wyndham Lewis's exhibition of *Thirty Personalities* at the Lefevre Galleries, which provides a very opportune demonstration of the power and charm of pure draughtsmanship. These portrait-drawings are altogether traditional in style. Some are washed with colour, but they depend entirely upon line, and mass by means of line, for their effect. They are pure likenesses, whose fidelity renders them explicit with unforced characterisation. But the skill and sensibility of Mr. Lewis's pencil give them an independent pictorial quality deriving from craftsmanship alone. There is the pleasure of a consummate virtuosity in

their variety and liveliness, their combination of a Chinese calligraphic grace of outline with a convincing modern force of volume, and their traditionalism justifies not only itself but also any experiment which the artist may decide to develop from it. Mr. Lewis has done a valuable service to art by recalling attention so firmly and fluently to its foundation in design. The work of his neighbour in the same galleries, Mr. Fergus Graham, is hardly important, though the flower-paintings are delicate and pretty.

At the Leicester Galleries Mr. Mark Gertler's *The Statue, Fontainebleau*, is a very persuasive romantic conception, and makes one the more regret the rigid control which he exercises over his imagination. His colour, too, suffers from the same intellectual puritanism, and, while his imposing still-lifes compel respect by their stately architectural properties, one is a little irked by their denial of more sensual graces. In the Reynolds room Miss Clara Klinghoffer shows a fine portrait, *Lucien Pissarro*. In her other work, altogether the opposite to Mr. Gertler, in a too eager desire to please, much of the charm is lost through over-emphasis and an academic trick of pseudo-antique.

At the Leger Galleries Mr. Jack Yeats shows very attractive scenes of Irish life and landscape. The romance of the race-course, the circus, and the road are displayed in a profusion of lustrous colour, along with the gloomier deeps of wood, sea, and river. *The Clown among the People, Tinker Whistling*, the haunting *Return from the Picnic*, are, like many of the others, vivid scraps of life brimmed with emotion and loaded to the fullest capacity of movement and colour. It is a gay, inspiriting show.

T. W. EARP.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

A Quiet Night

MISS MARION LORNE is condemned by her particular talent to be the prey of criminals and the sport of chance. Since she can look so deliciously bewildered she must always have cause for bewilderment. Her skilled embarrassment has ample scope in the *Road House* at the Whitehall created by Mr. Hackett for her distresses. Here the smash and grabbers make their rendezvous; here, in an un-soundproof telephone booth, they mutter their guilty plans. Miss Lorne is, of course, incriminated. She clasps and unclasps her hands many times before her policeman learns the truth. Her car is borrowed by the raiders, her high-born sister proves to be their lady friend. Still, she is not alone in her adversity. Mr. Gordon Harker (pot-boy to manager) is forever engagingly at her side, ready to reprove the assiduity of an admirer or to murmur, when there is only one corpse in the lounge, that it has been a quiet night. A glimpse of the Road House forty years back gives Miss Lorne opportunity for new allurements. Indeed, she is so enchanting a barmaid that one regrets her too rapid return to the negative charms of a helpless woman. Could not Miss Lorne next time be required to beckon and not to weep? The explanations are too protracted—an almost inevitable fault. But it is ungrateful to complain. Special tributes are due to the dead body of Mr. Charles Quartermain and the restrained caddishness of Mr. Richard Gray. Those who think tenderly of Mr. Godfrey Tearle, now a policeman, have no cause to love him less.

"Cold Blood"

When Mr. E. Powys Mathers has learned to gauge the right moment for ending a play he will provide better entertainment than his *Cold Blood* at the Duke of York's. In *Cold Blood* he seems to lose himself midway in the second act. Satirical melodrama abruptly collapses without a climax, giving place to a murder mystery. Two acts are devoted to building up a cruelly complete portrait of a young woman whose appetites are insatiable. She exercises her charms on a little English community of holiday-makers on whom she descends at a South of France pension. At last, between scenes, she is stabbed. Her career demands a peripetia more explicit than this knifing behind the drop-curtain. But Mr. Mathers cannot resist the temptation to provide mysteries: all the business is of motive-hunting and misleading clues until Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, who has charmingly sat about doing nothing the whole evening, rises to assert her status in the plot. Miss Frances Day deserves full congratulations for resisting the temptation of underlining the unpleasantness of Peggy-May.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:

Friday, October 14th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Our Neighbours To-day and Yesterday," B.B.C., 7.30.

Saturday, October 15th—
Myra Hess and Jelly d'Aranyi, Queen's Hall, 3.
Rubinstein, Grotrian Hall, 3.15.
Payling Subscription Concert, Albert Hall, 8.
B.B.C. Chamber Music, 8.30.

Sunday, October 16th—
J. M. Robertson on "Contaminated Ideals," Conway Hall, 11.
John Katz on "Civilisation and the World Crisis," Hampstead Ethical Society, 6.15.

Tuesday, October 18th—
Dr. Harold A. Moody on "The Work of the League of Coloured Peoples," Friends House, 1.20.
"Peer Gynt," Gate Theatre.

Wednesday, October 19th—
"Versailles," Kingsway Theatre.
B.B.C. Symphony Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

Thursday, October 20th—
Sir Humphrey Rolleston on "The Pioneers and Progress of Preventive Medicine," Royal United Services Institution, Whitehall, 5.15.
Royal Philharmonic Society, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Three Short Papers on "Blackwater Fever," Manson House, 26, Portland Place, 8.15.

Friday, October 21st—
"We have-been-to-Russia" Dinner, organised by the S.C.R., Lysbeth Hall, Soho Square, 7.30.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

WAR-BOOKS tend to fall into one or other of two categories. It might be said, even, that they tend to fall between two stools. On the one hand, you have the books written by regular soldiers, ranging from the official and regimental histories to the more incidental records of routes and billets. On the other hand, you have the books written by civilians temporarily conscripted, which in their turn touch every note on the keyboard, from the shrill treble of hysterical pacificism to the deep base of the virile amateur. Messrs. Faber and Faber this week publish a book which is interesting in that it combines both the belligerent and the pacifist point of view. It is called *Unwilling Passenger*, is written by Colonel Osburn, and is published at the price of 10s. 6d. Colonel Osburn, having as a boy seen service in the South African War, was in 1914 attached to the 4th Dragoon Guards and subsequently to the 9th Lancers. With them he endured the ardours and confusions of the Mons retreat and the Marne victory. Thereafter he commanded R.A.M.C. units at Ypres and elsewhere in Flanders. In 1919 he was with the Army of Occupation at Cologne. And after twelve years he has decided to record on paper not only his adventures and experiences, but also his point of view. As a regular soldier Colonel Osburn understands and appreciates the high traditions and ideals of the military caste; as a man of sensitive intelligence he subjects these traditions to the constant criticism of a less professional sense of values. It is obvious, on the one hand, that he was a man of great courage, efficiency, and resource; it is clear, on the other hand, that he was throughout intelligent, temperate, and humane. War will not be abolished from this earth by the constant asseveration that it is a wholly evil thing. It will be abolished only when a sufficient number of people are taught to realise that the virtues which it enhances are not the supreme virtues, and that this enhancement is counterbalanced by unspeakable squalor and progressive demoralisation. The ideals of courage, loyalty, resource, comradeship, and endurance may, it is true, find in battle their most extreme expression. Yet they do so at the expense of other and more valuable virtues, nor was it necessary that ten million young men should have been maimed and slaughtered in order that the virility ideal should thus find its ultimate expression and its—I trust—final refutation. Such is the book's theme.

* * *

As a regular soldier he shares the professional prejudice against politicians, diplomatists, G.H.Q., staff officers, and Press Lords. As a man of independent judgment he also dislikes patriotic women, propaganda, decoration-hunters, King's Regulations, boy scouts, the Church Militant, and the gospel of hate. The pity and terror which have graven so deep an image on his soul are counterbalanced by a perfectly sane love of adventure, by a capacity for hero worship such as he evidently feels for General Bridges. Yet the duality in Colonel Osburn's attitude goes yet deeper. On the one hand he recognises the charm of war; he is, in the Homeric sense, "well conscious of the lust of battle." "The pursuit," he writes of the battle of the Marne, "had been thrilling." He was impatient, when invalided home, to return to Flanders:

> My haste was the result of sheer boredom, but I was not the only fool who found England in time of war was impossible and danger rather fascinating. Even to the most fastidious and unromantic there can be something attractive about life at the Front, something profoundly moving in the attack, in the silent march through darkness of armed men towards flashing horizons, where so many—and perhaps you too—are to meet their last dawn. To advance thus—willingly, open armed, even though afraid—towards Death, is surely a triumph over that accident of Destiny that gives each one of us our being.

Yet whereas he in this way understands the glamour of battle, he is equally conscious of its squalor and ineptitude. As he looks back upon the war he sees it only as "a huge competition in murder, in which two of the very best of the white races were exterminating one another." The pictures which linger most indelibly in his mind are not pictures of triumph, victory, or heroism:

> In the chill drizzle of February, 1915, greenish-black bundles, hunched and shrivelled forms, sagged on the wire in no-man's land. Many of the bodies, German and English, had dangled there since the previous November. Men wounded and caught in the wire had hung out for days in the cold rain and died more of exposure than wounds, after being in some cases partly eaten alive by rats. For a day or two some of them had made feeble signals for help, lifting an arm when they heard friendly voices in the trenches—then the signals grew fainter and less frequent and then ceased. . . . And still these tattered bundles of putrefying remains, clothed in blackened rags, hung offensively in the wind.

Let it not be supposed from the above quotation that the whole of Colonel Osburn's book is a succession of such horrors. Far from it. There is nothing morbid about his reminiscences; such nightmares do no more than flicker through the many chapters in which he recounts hope, energy, excitement, adventure, and exhaustion. He has not over-stressed the darker side, and it is for this reason that the book leaves upon one so appalling a conviction.

* * *

Colonel Osburn, again, is interested in the functioning of the human brain and nerves. He has much that is valuable to tell us about the effects of fear on varying temperaments. He noted that the public-school type of hero was in general the least heroic. Proficiency in "games" did not, in his experience, carry with it any proficiency in battle. The herd instinct, also—that "team work" by which we set such store—although undoubtedly it aided "unreflecting unanimity of execution," did not, in his opinion, provide sufficient initiative or that independent intelligence without which bodies of men are certain to drift into "futility and disaster." He observed also how even a few weeks' experience of the realities of the front line transformed a man's previous standards of appreciation. There is an interesting passage in which he records his own distaste, on returning for his first leave to London, for the patriotic young women who, but a few weeks before, had glimmered for him as the ideals of gentleness and grace:

> Patriotic? Perhaps! Yet. . . . This approval that men should fight and destroy one another as if in protection of females. Well, somehow it was unattractive. The Church and women—the two influences we had once supposed made for gentleness and forgiveness—seemed to be turning out quite otherwise.

Colonel Osburn has thus many bitter things to say about the attitude throughout the war of the Christian Churches.

* * *

There is a further aspect of the war, and one which has not as yet been sufficiently underlined, which emerges clearly from Colonel Osburn's retrospect. Being both observant and humane, he noticed the progressive deterioration of conduct and spirit as the war continued. He attributes this largely to the methods adopted by the press and the military authorities to maintain the "war spirit." He recognises, however, that protracted conditions of brutishness would in any case have ended by rendering human beings brutes. He notes the "rebarbarisation" which crept in after 1915, when "discipline without comradeship, and death without reward, became the order of the day." This, then, is Colonel Osburn's final verdict upon ordeal by battle. War ends by blunting even those qualities which it is supposed to enhance. It is almost with despair that he observes that the younger generation are once again being trained, in England and in Germany, to worship before the same shrines of manliness and patriotism. "Are," he exclaims, "all these Cadet Corps progress? If so—then progress towards what?"

HAROLD NICOLSON.

TIMES PAST

My World as in My Time: Memoirs of Sir Henry Newbolt. Faber. 18s.

Odd Memories. By R. S. GARNETT. Blackwood. 7s. 6d.

The Life and Times of Anthony À Wood. Edited with an introduction by LLEWELYN POWYS. Wishart. 15s.

There has never been one world for all men at any time; never even one Europe, or one England. That is not merely a philosophical truth, it is a practical one, too. Nero and St. Peter, historical characters not without a great many interests in common, looked out, each, on a very different Rome, and on a world inconceivably different. It is from such facts that all our harsh judgments proceed. When Carlyle made his angry denunciation on a world of fools, he was relying too much on his own opinion of his friends who did not take him with quite the solemnity he thought his due; it needs a far wiser and better man than Carlyle to perceive in mundane folly the reflection of the fool in his own heart. Reflections of this kind will cause hesitancy in a man of sense who is tempted to use the word "modern," whether he wish to use it thrasonically, as do so many of our middle-aged suckers-up to the young, or contemptuously as it may be used by persons who employ positions of authority to release themselves from any necessity of thought. For to say "modern" is to be positive that certain things are past, dead, and that certain present aspects of living, doing and thinking are more typical of the present than are others—whereas they may only be more frequent, and may typify precisely nothing. When "bogus" replaced "fake" or "putrid," or "futile" in the genial vocabulary of youthful vituperation, there was no equivalent alteration in thought; and now that "bogus" has grown whiskers, no one is any the wiser.

So when I say that Sir Henry Newbolt, Mr. R. S. Garnett and Anthony Wood all write of times past, I indicate only a chronological distinction, one having necessarily no more significance than the fact that the moment in which I began this sentence has passed while I write these words. If I betray any other sense of past, it will merely show that I myself inhabit worlds to which the worlds depicted in these books seem remote, something out of Herodotus or Polybius. This indeed is monstrously untrue of the world depicted, with gaiety, with charm, with humour and robust laughter, by Mr. Garnett in *Odd Memories*. Mr. Garnett was one of those rare creatures who could use the world of books to confirm, with astonishing verisimilitude, the world of actual people. He lived in a world of "characters"; and if one has that Dickensian habit of sight, in however poor a degree (though Garnett had it supremely), one cannot turn a corner, or run up a stair, without meeting a man or woman compared with whom Mr. Micawber is sober fact and Mr. Mantalini drab everyday. Only one thing Garnett lacked. He saw no Uriah Heeps. No Pecksniffs. No Ralph Nicklebys. No Quilps. To read his book, and its enchanting predecessor, is to live only in the comedy and pathos of Dickens, not in his world of melodrama and fierce exposure of the shabbiness of mean men. Garnett was lucky, or had a kinder memory than some of us, because he must surely have met sometime the snuffling figure of false friendliness, or the sinister figure of cowardly ferocity. Anyway, there is no trace of that world here. Instead, there is a delightful mixture of fact and the fantastic—recollections of his father, the great scholar who gave us *The Twilight of the Gods* and *De Flagello Myrteo*, of Miss Rossetti, of Swinburne, of Meredith, of Martin Tupper, of Whistler and of many unnamed or pseudonymous whom those familiar with R. S.'s London will easily recognise. Those who knew the author will hear his accents, again see his inimitable gestures in tale after tale in this book: one quotation must suffice, where Garnett is looking over the rashly purchased library of a friend.

> Next I came on the novels of Walter Besant, and recalled meeting him on Hampstead Heath in the company of the author of *Trilby*, though I think that delightful book was only then about to be written. Then the utterly forgotten novels of Lady Duffus Hardy greeted me, and I saw her again as she stood in Park Street, Camden Town, with a badly wrapped piece of steak in one hand and the MS. of her new novel in the other. "Sir Thomas," said she, "adores steak, and as I am going to conjure £50 out of my publisher for my manuscript. I have bought two pounds and a half—two for Sir Thomas and the half for Iza—dear child—and me." How far distant are those Bohemian but delightful days! As far as I know, no lady novelist of my acquaintance in these degenerate times awards two pounds of rump steak to her husband out of a total weight of two and a half.

"How distant!"—Garnett has the power to make them seem like to-day—for he gives his recollections that reality of gusto so disapproved by those to-day who cannot bear that their dim, grey days should be disturbed by scarlet and strong drink. A fine, vigorous book, *Odd Memories*, that should make new friends for the author.

Beside its Victorian, full-blooded liveliness Sir Henry Newbolt's world, though of the same time, seems quiet and definitely past. His book contains a little more than three hundred pages, and he is leaving Oxford only on page 133. It is true his recollections stop in 1905; but even so the apportionment of space seems to me as disproportionate as it is symbolic. *Et ego in Arcadia*—that is the burden of Sir Henry's memoirs. He lived in more worlds than that of Clifton and Oxford—but in his record of those others there is detachment and humour and criticism; in his record of school and university that strange nostalgic wonder with which a man looks back on his happiest and most real days. It is foolish to mock at that *desiderium*. Matthew Arnold felt it, and Clough, and Quiller-Couch. Men must build their dreams where they will; and contemptuous impatience at what one thinks is prolonged adolescence is itself an adolescent symptom. Sir Henry in his devotion to the Oxford of his dreams has strengthened in himself that sensitiveness to the poetic, that tenderness to the expressed vision which had such magical results in his encouragement of Mary Coleridge and Walter de la Mare in their predestined task of poetry. Of his own poetry he speaks modestly, and yet with pleasurable sincerity: that it is not in to-day's fashion will distress only those who forget that to-day has gone while we name it. In the picture of his boyhood at home and school, written in that cool and recollected style with which all his readers are familiar, Sir Henry Newbolt has put us further in his debt. He shows, too, in his reference to his activities after he left Oxford, that he was always aware of other worlds than that he inhabited with such delight to himself and his friends. When he left Oxford, Sir Henry was called to the Bar. In that mystery he evidently accomplished sound and useful work; but he was never at home with the Law. His natural company was those men of the 'nineties who were discreet in the Yellow Book days, deft and generous in their recognition of talent like or unlike their own. We meet Robert Bridges; Margaret Woods, that lovely, too little esteemed poetess; Binyon, William Rothenstein and Conrad. As editor of *The Monthly Review*, Sir Henry did a work still gratefully remembered by those who are glad to find literature in the magazines. Here is a book without pretension, the record of a career pursued kindly and honourably, of a gift for writing cultivated so that its owner should make the very best of it.

So back into Anthony Wood's fierce, brawling, bloody, quarrelsome, despiteful world, world of Oxford, London and the gossip writers when England was ruled by the two Charles', by Oliver, by James and by William. Mr. Powys has made a sound selection from the great volumes edited by Andrew Clark. I hope it will send many readers to the complete edition, for Wood, though occasionally a bore, can be known properly only if you listen to him all the time. If you skip, you will miss something. It were a pity to miss this note of an event in 1668:

> Between 9 and 10 of the clock at night being then at Borstall Com. Bucks, I saw a *Draco volans* fall from the sky. It made the sky so light that one might see to read. It seemed to me to be as long as Allsaints steeple Oxon. It was long and narrow and when it came to the lower region it vanished in sparkles. Mr. Sanders of Hadnam whome I met at Notley on Monday following told me that with them it vanished with a report. Great raine and inundations followed.

Is not that perfect? And so like our modern world's visions, apt to vanish in sparkles (as in Mr. Huxley's novels) or with a report (as in D. H. Lawrence's).

Wood is rather scolded because he did not care for Oxford manners either under the Commonwealth or when the King was restored; yet it seems to me he had every excuse. At both periods the manners were beastly. He was no doubt rather cantankerous; but he asked nothing except to be left to pursue his studies, and to be given licence to use college libraries and consult the records. He was scurvily treated, and often hindered; and those who did help him were disgustingly patronising. Anyway, in his curmudgeonly animosity he gives a vivid picture of the little world he knew. He is Hogarthian in his detail—he has a morbid delectation in telling of suicides and sudden deaths—and unsparing in his gruff recognition of mankind's folly and

HAROLD NICOLSON on

TALLEYRAND

by

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In the second place, Mr. Duff Cooper treats the English language with respect. In the balance of his periods one catches an echo of the greater period of English prose, whereas his deft, sharp phrases have all the nimbleness of modernity.

And in the third place, Mr. Duff Cooper has a perfect gift of selection. He has woven his tangled material into a tissue of silken smoothness.

If biography is to be defined as "the history of an individual conceived as a work of art," then Mr. Duff Cooper's book should serve as an exhibit. It is historical in that it conveys the proportions of events; it describes an individual since it concentrates on character, and it is, without question, a deliberate work of art.' STATESMAN

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wickedness. He saw the world in pieces as we see it; but he believed in no nostrums, nor in any quack vendor of the lot. He lived in the past, and so succeeded in drawing his fierily objective picture of the present. R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

NATIONALITY AND WAR

France and Germany. THE HISTORY OF A THOUSAND YEARS. By Professor J. HALLER. Translated by DORA VON BESELER. Constable. 7s. 6d.

The Land-Locked Lake. By Lt.-Col. A. A. HANBURY-SPARROW. Barker. 7s. 6d.

For some secret and sarcastic reason of their own, the publishers of *France and Germany* say that Professor Haller "is no national propagandist," and that his book is "an extraordinary achievement" in detachment. Actually, it is a masterpiece of special pleading, and is for that reason of great interest to anyone seeking to understand modern Europe. Here is the grisly story of Franco-German relations as seen by many informed and reasonable Germans. There is no question of text-book propaganda, of the distortion, or omission of facts. Professor Haller knows all the facts, and outfaces them—building them into a story with so clear, so sinister, a moral that a German may be excused for accepting it as the one plausible interpretation, and hence for training with enthusiasm for the next war. And it is horribly clear to an outsider that a well-intentioned Frenchman could make these same facts into a deadly indictment on the other side.

Beginning with some desultory remarks on the Middle Ages, Professor Haller's story does not take form until it reaches the fifteenth century. It was in 1477, according to Professor Haller, when Maria of Burgundy married Maximilian, the Emperor's son, that "the seed of Franco-German hereditary enmity was sown." It was after that marriage that the French began to contend that "the necessity of defence" caused their periodic attacks upon their neighbours. By the sixteenth century the possession of the Rhine frontier had become a recognised French ambition, and "formed the subject of scientific polemics between Germans and Frenchmen," with much argument about Caesar and Strabo, both of whom had stated that the Rhine was the boundary of Gaul. It is in terms of this French desire for the Rhine frontier—cherished by the French for motives of "security" and opposed by the German rulers for the same high-minded reason—that Professor Haller explains the next three hundred years of Franco-German history. The Rhine was the object of Richelieu's foreign policy; it was the cause of most of Louis XIV's wars; and when, by 1697, France held Alsace, the result, according to Professor Haller, was that "the seed of Franco-German hereditary enmity had sprung up." "The *quasi naturalis invidia*, the almost innate aversion of the time of the Crusades, had been given a tangible object and a permanent fostering soil."

It is perhaps natural that up to this point Professor Haller should have told his story in terms of French depradation and innocent German grief. And, even after the rise of Prussia, it is easy to see how a German historian might maintain this view of Franco-German relations until the close of the Napoleonic wars. (English readers, however, will be interested to note what this "detached" historian makes of the twenty years of war beginning in 1792):

> This war, like every world war of the last three hundred years, was in the first place a Franco-German war. . . . It began in Germany, was waged preeminently with German forces, and ultimately terminated by German forces, and the transformation of the German map is its most tangible result.

Gneisenau's remarks, when the Congress of Vienna refused to deprive France of Alsace, were unquestionably sound: "What will be taken from France and what she will have to covenant for is more than sufficient to exasperate and irritate her, but nothing will be done to protect us. Here lies the germ of new wars." When, however, Professor Haller explains the Franco-German wars of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as solely caused by France's desire to extend her holdings along the Rhine, the explanation wears thin. We are told that the reason for Louis Napoleon's rise to power was the hope that "Bonaparte must succeed where Bourbon and Orleans had failed" in extending the Rhine frontier. We are told that in 1870, "Bismarck, that is to say, Germany, wanted peace, France did not want it, so war was the result." Bismarck and William I were both grieved at depriving France of Alsace and Lorraine, but were forced to do so for their country's "security." Bismarck, after the war, "courted France," doing all he could to ingratiate himself; but France's remorseless ambition made her scorn these touching attentions, made her adopt the wicked policy of encirclement in order that she might once more return to the Rhine. The war of 1914 was the result, France's war aims being "the same as they had been at all times during the last three centuries." And in an ominous conclusion, Professor Haller writes:

> So things continue through the centuries: Mazarin and Louis XIV, Vergennes, Danton and Napoleon I, Chateaubriand and Polignac, Thiers and Napoleon III, appear to us as contemporaries and assume the features of Poincaré and Clemenceau, Foch and Tardieu, new actors in old and well-known parts in a play that forever repeats itself.

The enthralling and terrible fact about this story is that it represents historical truth for many millions of people. In a summary, it may sound nonsensical; but Professor Haller is brilliant at reconciling the external data with his thesis. Neither this view, nor the opposing but equalling credible French interpretation, can be overcome by "facts." The emotional backgrounds of two great nations must be changed before this ancient feud can be layed. Meanwhile, Europe lives under a curse like that of Orestes, going about her business with the knowledge that from time to time she must be seized with blood-madness:

Dieu! quels ruisseaux de sang coulent autour de moi!

Any reader who cares to imagine, or to remember, what the *ruisseaux de sang* feel like, at first hand, can find no better aid than Colonel Sparrow's book. This is a faithful attempt to picture what one man saw and felt during the war. The author is a professional soldier, thoughtful, imaginative, and humane. He found the war "an intense spiritual experience," and seeks to recreate it in those terms. The book, therefore, is neither bitter nor sensational. War is not attacked; it is merely pictured, as seen by a very young man who found much of it great fun and some of it great terror. As a result of this moderation, the waste and pity of war are made persuasively plain. Unquestionably, the reader of Colonel Sparrow's book will feel it is scarcely tolerable that war should come again. And unquestionably, the reader of Professor Haller's book will feel it is scarcely thinkable that war should be long postponed. HERBERT AGAR.

A SATIRE AND SOME STORIES

Public Faces. By HAROLD NICOLSON. Constable. 7s. 6d.

The Burning Bush. By SIGRID UNDSET. Cassell. 8s. 6d.

Invitation to the Waltz. By ROSAMOND LEHMANN. Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.

The Fallow Land. By H. E. BATES. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Little Comfort. By GEORGE MANNING-SANDERS. Grayson and Grayson. 7s. 6d.

Anna Priestly. By EVELYN HERBERT. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Marriage of Hermione. By RICHMAL CROMPTON. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Moon in Scorpio. By HELEN GRANVILLE-BARKER. Sidgwick and Jackson. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Nicolson's novel is in a different category from the others on the list, and must be judged apart. In 1939 an awkward international situation arises. Britain finds herself able to make atomic bombs from a mineral deposit on an island held by her from Persia; the other Powers, after the deposit though as yet only partially aware of its value, persuade Persia to cancel the concession. What is to be done? During four days of acute suspense war of the most horrid kind is imminent; in a series of brisk scenes in Downing Street, Teheran, Washington and Paris, Mr. Nicolson shows it coming nearer and nearer, driven on by the small ineptitudes and vanities of diplomats and politicians. The introduction of real people—Mr. Garvin, Miss Eleanor Rathbone, Sir John Reith and Oliver Baldwin are mentioned among others—titillates the curiosity agreeably as to the identity of the fictitious characters; while Mr. Nicolson's diplomatic experience lends a fearful point to his wit. For a lively, pertinent, exciting and immensely knowledgeable satire on the ways of diplomacy, *Public Faces* takes some beating.

The remaining novels deal with life as it is seen by the naked eye, not through the magnifying glass of satire. *The Burning*

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J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD., ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.2.

Bush is the second volume of Sigrid Undset's latest trilogy. Its theme is that of *The Hound of Heaven;* Paul Selmer, the wilful worldling, driven ever towards the Will which closes round his own, is at length received into the Catholic Church. The reader who shares Paul's faith will no doubt experience a deep pleasure in the glowing descriptions of the metaphysical phenomena of conversion; while the agnostic will deplore with equal conviction the cramping and hooding of a free mind. The critic who approaches the book from the purely literary point of view must, I think, observe that the unfortunate tendency of the religious novel to make its hero into a prig has here surmounted even Sigrid Undset's genius. It is surely a wise instinct on the part of the ordinary person to regard with suspicion the man who is always in the position of *forgiving*, for forgiveness implies a conviction of moral superiority, very distasteful to the scientific mind. Accordingly Paul, who is busy forgiving his vulgar little wife and austere mother all through the volume, is not an attractive character, and his two pious children are quite insufferable. In spite of this the book, like all this writer's work, throbs with life; one feels its pulsating warmth on every page. The landscapes, too, are magnificent; the early scenes with little Sunnie, before she becomes converted, piercingly, radiantly true; the analysis of the defects of modern civilisation, profound. It is notoriously unfair to judge an incomplete work; we must wait for the third volume before coming to a final decision on the value of Paul's experiences.

It is this same quality of warm throbbing life which makes *Invitation to the Waltz*—in outline a mere trifle—so pleasing. It reminds me of nothing so much as a beautiful red plum: coloured, smooth, rounded, glowing, small enough to nestle comfortably in the curve of the hand. Kate and Olivia, the daughters of country gentlefolk, are invited to a dance. They make their preparations, live through the weeks which intervene, and at last attend the dance. That is all. But what an air of youth and love we move in! The joys, the heartaches, the hopes, the disappointments, we are made to feel! Kate has beauty, and a sureness of touch which is the admiration and despair of her immature sister; Olivia hasn't yet found herself, she can't put herself together, doesn't feel all of a piece. Kate finds love at the dance; but Olivia has a wider range of experience with her partners: a poet, an old lecher, a blind man, a fiery sailor, call in turn upon her joy and her compassion. Life is about to begin for her, thinks Olivia, and runs joyously to meet it. As for the grace and wit of Miss Lehmann's writing, I am going to illustrate it by quoting her description of a cabbage bed. For roses lend themselves easily to raptures, but fine writing about cabbages is the real thing.

> She admired the cabbage bed—its frosty sea-blues and greens, the modelling of the huge compact rosettes with their strong swelling curves and crisp-cut edges. The looser outer leaves held sparkling drops and violet shadows. She shook one, listening to its silky creak, watching the transparent water beads slip and race like quicksilver. And these proud vital shapes were doomed to be chopped up, boiled, swallowed by humans with the utmost boredom and contempt. The very word cabbage was a joke, a term of ridicule . . . But it was no good brooding over the sufferings, the unjust fate of vegetables . . ."

The Fallow Land and *Little Comfort* are both novels of farm life, but they are as different as cheese and chalk. I put the familiar comparison that way round, because Mr. Bates's novel is made (like cheese) from living material, and Mr. George Manning-Sanders' from a convention which ought to be as dead as chalk if it unfortunately isn't. The people of *Little Comfort* are all "rustics," seen from the outside by an urban Powystical eye; they go in for dark lust and talk abominable literary dialect. "Did widow say off the name all pat, or did she stutter and crimp as if it ran through her blood and brain, like so much naughty magic?" demands the midwife archly. For, of course, there is a Midwife, just as there is a Loose Beauty, a Sensitive and Debauched Young Man, a Horsewhipping Father, a Marvellous Mother, and a Stranger with a Hump. Mr. Manning-Sanders means well and writes well, but has as yet nothing to say.

The Fallow Land, on the other hand, is a grave, true piece of work, marred by some irrelevances, but rising at times to living beauty. It is the tale of fifty years of a woman's life. Deborah, maid to a bedridden old woman, meets Jess Mortimer, the farmer's son, at a country fair, marries him, and spends the rest of her life in an ardent struggle to nourish his land. She bears sons to him, is deserted by him, loses her sons to war and then to post-war degeneration, but throughout never ceases to love the land which to her, as to Mr. Bates, stands for life itself. Lest this should sound too romantic, I hasten to say that Mr. Bates is a realist as well. His dialect is not literary; Deborah says "I'm fair whacked" when she is tired, and means it. This plainness makes for authenticity of emotion; the return of Jess, for example, old and worn and deaf, is extraordinarily moving.

The stream of life does not flow so rich and warm through Evelyn Herbert's Breconshire mining town, yet it does flow; there are moments when Anna is passionately alive. But these moments are muffled in a superfluity of incidents; the book lacks shape, probably because it has no unifying theme. In revolt against the sombre meanness of her life, Anna gives herself to the more worthless of two brothers who love her; she pays for it all her days, but there seems no special significance either in her endurance or her revolt.

The last two novels on the list present the extremes of *naïveté* and sophistication. Miss Richmal Crompton, like Mr. Bates and Miss Herbert, has given us the chronicle of fifty years of a woman's life. But though the theme is the same, the handling is not, and oh, the difference to me! *Marriage of Hermione* is like a perpetual diet of milk pudding; wholesome perhaps, but savourless, monotonous, of the nursery. *Moon in Scorpio*, on the other hand, is so highly civilised that there is no life left in it—a great disappointment after the slight but charming *Come Julia*. The scene is Rome, the characters Anglo-American, the atmosphere pseudo-Henry-James, the incomes large. Olivia has beauty but no youth, Frances youth but no beauty. In the intervals of inspecting objects of art they fall in love with the same man, with disastrous results. In this novel it is accepted as axiomatic that no man ever loved a woman who lacked facial beauty—a proposition so false that one has hardly patience to read the narrative based on it. "Olivia and her friends," observes one of the characters, "didn't belong to the present; or—more exactly—they were cut off from the future." A good thing too!

PHYLLIS BENTLEY.

VIRGINIA WOOLF, CRITIC

The Common Reader: Second Series. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. Hogarth Press. 10s. 6d.

Virginia Woolf. By WINIFRED HOLTBY. Wishart. 6s.

In most literary criticism, it is the subject that is important, not the writer nor even what is written; just as, when something is lost in a dark room, it may be necessary to hold up a light to find it, but neither the light nor the hand that holds it up is the important thing. But when Mrs. Woolf writes, as she does most often in this latest volume of essays, about secondary writers, almost forgotten, or remembered for some strong idiosyncrasy rather than for their genius or the value of their work, the illumination she gives is more important to her readers than what it illuminates; or if they look away from the light itself, it is to see how it falls on her own creative work, elucidating that, not on the work of the people she is criticising. But most readers will be contented to look at the thing itself, at her essays simply for their own sake: they will be enchanted by them, whether or not they have read what she is writing about. For her criticism has something of that quality, characteristic of poetry, which Miss Holtby has observed in her fiction, a kind of self-subsistance: what she writes is itself its own end and meaning; it does not say "there," pointing, but "here." This is most true of her later novels, of which every phrase is valuable of itself and self-sufficient; it is this that makes the words of *The Waves* not only as delightful as poetry but as easily memorable.

Criticism, of course, cannot reach this self-sufficiency, because it has a purpose outside itself; it refers to something else. But between completely utilitarian, robot criticism, which exists only in its function, and the free existence of Keats' sonnet on Chapman's Homer, where the criticism, if it can be called that, has completely broken away from and outshines its theme, there are infinite gradations; and Mrs. Woolf is towards the extreme of Keats. Her words are more important, when we read them, than what she is writing about. It is not because she herself thinks her subject unimportant; she is deeply interested in it and never lets it out of her sight. But her approach to it is never a prose approach. She does not dissect and analyse, or collect facts, compare them, and pass judgment. Sometimes, indeed, she does collect facts, for which she has a great liking, trivial facts about her author's surroundings or the clothes he wore, but it is not to make deductions from them, but to breathe life

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into them or to blow them away; for she is an opportunist and treats every moment in her writing, without prejudice, as it seems to deserve, so that the reading of her work provides, among more important pleasures, the simple one of never knowing what will happen next. If she can be said to have a principle of criticism, other than this spontaneous exercise of honesty and taste, it is to be found in her description of "the common reader" in the First Series: "He is guided by an instinct to create for himself, out of whatever odds and ends he can come by, some kind of whole." And this is the description, not of a principle but, as Mrs. Woolf says, of an instinct; nor is it probably a common instinct. But however much she may over-estimate the common reader, it is clear that she herself is driven by this need to create a whole. In her essay on *Robinson Crusoe*, she says of her writer, "Our first task, and it is often formidable enough, is to master his perspective . . . gaze through his eyes." Because she is an artist and a novelist, she is obliged to make a story or a portrait of the mind of the man she is studying, to make something aesthetically and psychologically complete and true; and there is never any doubt that she succeeds in this; that is why her essays live by themselves. But the historic truth, whole or even in part, is clearly impossible to recover. Mrs. Woolf's method, of re-creation, has a better chance of coming near the mark than a more scientific, analytical method, but it also risks a wider miss. Like Bernard in *The Waves*, she recognises the dangers of story-telling, its irrelevance and falsehood to fact.

Bernard says:

> I have made up thousands of stories: I have filled innumerable notebooks with phrases to be used when I have found the true story, the one story to which all these phrases refer. But I have never yet found that story. And I begin to ask, Are there stories? . . . Why impose my arbitrary design? Why stress this and shape that and twist up little figures like the toys men sell in trays in the street? Why select this, out of all that—one detail?

And Mrs. Woolf, at the end of her essay on the novelist, Geraldine Jewsbury:

> We know her well only for a few years in the middle. But let us not be too sanguine about "knowing her well." Intimacy is a difficult art, as Geraldine herself reminds us.

> Oh, my dear, she wrote to Mrs. Carlyle, if you and I are drowned, or die, what would become of us if any superior person were to go and write our "life and errors"? What a precious mess a "truthful person" would go and make of us, and how very different to what we really are or were!

Yet Mrs. Woolf is not, as one might think from this indictment which she turns against herself, an irresponsible person writing fake history, somewhere between the novel and biography. She has all the qualifications of learning, intelligence and sympathy that a critic could want; there is no one more able than she to illuminate the subjects that she has chosen, and she does illuminate them. But what she is regretting here is the limiting nature of fact, the impossibility of knowing the truth about it; for truth is important to her, indeed, her genius is for seeing it, and to such a person, history, which says "You shall see so far and no farther, see a little at a time, in glimpses," is necessarily at times irksome and cramping. Her province is the immediate, complete, intuitive knowledge of the artist, not the progressive and patient knowledge of science; and literary criticism, especially of the dead, is half a science, however much imagination is brought to its practice.

Of course, this is not to say that anyone could wish these essays unwritten, or think that Mrs. Woolf should confine herself to fiction. When a great novelist brings to the study of fact the qualities that give her such authority in fiction, lovers of fact must be grateful. And she does bring the same qualities, the same discernment and clear-sightedness, and the evocative power without which discernment and clear-sightedness are fallow. She brings to criticism also her affection for mankind, a luminous quality, which one might call charity, if the word had not come to suggest something a little deceived or wilfully self-deceiving. She hardly ever hates people; she has an astonishingly wide appreciation. Just as in her novels she writes with complete and just understanding of characters as opposite as Bernard and Rhoda, so in her criticism she can pass from Lord Chesterfield to Parson Woodforde, or from Mary Wollstonecraft to Dorothy Wordsworth, and make one feel, for the moment, so much in the world of her subject that what he thinks and feels and does is perceived, not as demonstrably right, but as natural and self-evident, as he would feel it himself.

Miss Holtby's book on *Virginia Woolf* is not this imaginative, evocative criticism, but it is so sound, and says so clearly the most important things about Mrs. Woolf's work that probably most people who write on that work in the future will occasionally quote from Miss Holtby without knowing it. But they will, of course, go beyond her in depth and subtlety of criticism, and it is pleasant to reflect that they will have more matter to write about.

E. J. SCOVELL.

ISLAND LIFE

Sardinian Sideshow. By AMELIE POSSE-BRAZDOVA. Routledge. 7s. 6d.

Any book pretending to give a serious account of Sardinia brings to mind the high standard set by D. H. Lawrence in his volume. There is either the kind of thing that he and Norman Douglas and Osbert Sitwell have done or there is that "awfully jolly" Mediterranean literature which springs up like the new gaudy Riviera villas every season. Mrs. Posse-Brazdova's book comes along as a lively alternative. She has drawn her own kind of picture—domestic and, as they say, human. As a civil prisoner in the island during the war she has an original basis for something between a travel and autobiography. *Sardinian Sideshow* romps, laughs, intrigues, and holds forth, makes vivid sketches of places and people, maintains an intelligent interest in its surroundings, and reveals a pleasant, loquacious, and downright personality.

A native of Sweden married to a Czech painter in Rome at the beginning of the war, she accompanied her husband to Sardinia when he was interned. His natural anti-Austrian sympathies helped him with the Italians to some extent, but it was long before he procured his liberty. War hysteria in these pretty Mediterranean communities was apt to take on grotesque forms: the author was mobbed for bathing at one resort because it was thought that, being in the water, she must be signalling to Austrian submarines. Sardinia was malodorous, picturesque and primitive. The tone of provincial life was anything but idyllic. The humours that ensued, however, when an efficient northern lady settled there to keep house were not all on one side; the astonished author was hooted through the streets once

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For further particulars see the Autumn List—now ready—and current advertisements of

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because she was carrying four earthenware vessels ("lovely examples of native pottery, *so* suitable for flowers,") and was informed that their local purpose was strictly sanitary! The dark and martial femaleness which D. H. Lawrence wrote of is illustrated by a story of the author's maid. Once her husband was unfaithful to her; she thrashed him and for a year refused to cohabit with him, though insisting that he shared her bed while she tortured him with every kind of advance and coquetry. At the end of the period she dressed him up in his Sunday clothes, marched him to confession and communion, prepared a small banquet and then went off with him in his fishing boat for several months on a honeymoon of atonement.

There is some interesting information about peasant art which already in 1914 had begun to decline with the increase of popular education. But as far as local customs were concerned it was still possible to see the primitive passion and imagery with which the traditional ceremonies relating to birth, marriage and death were conducted. There was, of course, the heroic ethic of the vendetta, the adoration of the bandit, and even unheroic deaths had their wakes and family "wailers." The ferocity of women's mourning in Sardinia was terrifying. It was common for widows to tear their faces in their grief until the blood flowed. Mrs. Brazdova has no theories, no history to offer in regard to these customs; she merely puts down what she saw quite inconsequently. After planning to escape with her husband to the Balearic Islands she was at last given her freedom. Her misadventures and how she cheerfully made the best of them make an original book.

MR. MUIR AND MR. DOBRÉE

St. Martin's Summer. By BONAMY DOBRÉE. Hogarth Press. 7s. 6d.

Poor Tom. By EDWIN MUIR. Dent. 7s. 6d.

When distinguished critics stoop to write novels the result may be artificial, or dull, or merely hedging, but at least one hopes that the usual banalities and egocentricities will be avoided. Mr. Muir and Mr. Dobrée pass this test easily. *St. Martin's Summer* and *Poor Tom* treat of unusual subjects and each is written with a fine economy of style; but there the likeness ends. *St. Martin's Summer* is a superb study of a married woman with a family, living in war-time Egypt, who at forty discovers herself emotionally; and with cautious intelligence angles for new satisfactions. Mrs. Arundell's motives and ideas, her place in the world of relationships, and her efforts to change it and to acquire a fresh vision, are subtly and penetratingly given. There are a few weak strands: Mr. Arundell, who is merely a nuisance to his wife, might have been worked out more fully in his official and his pre-war settings; Mrs. Arundell's relations with her son are a little out of focus. But her lover, her daughter, her friend, and her own idea of her husband, emerge clearly in the light of a personal evolution which is interesting to the last page. These people are not so much "life-like"—in the negative sense of passing without challenge because they resemble other characters in fiction—as true to life. Instead of the pleasure of recognising types which we expect in any tolerable novel, we get from Mr. Dobrée the pleasure of initiation into human mysteries: and who is not flattered by the company of the initiated? My only doubt is whether, after reading this book once and putting it on the shelf, I shall ever remember to read it again. Novels which deal with relationships and with the contents of minds rather than with actions and separable characters put a strain on memory. With Henry James this does not matter, because when all the people have been forgotten a residue of aesthetic joy remains: the actual course of the book and the gradual emergence of images and modification of contours create something permanent. *St. Martin's Summer* is beautifully handled, but it is aesthetically sterile; Mr. Dobrée was too disillusioned to cut the strings which bound it to the earth.

Poor Tom is by contrast rather incompetent. Mr. Muir is earnest and sometimes dramatic; but his characters stay put and refuse to come alive. Tom is a wooden creature who just manages to miss everything. His father catches him when he tries to run away to sea; his girl jilts him; his only brother, who is also his best friend, starts courting the same girl and is not ashamed to go on living with Tom and the family. Thereafter a chapter of accidents until Tom is tucked in his coffin. All this would be pathetic enough if Mansie, Tom's brother, were capable of acting out the drama. But the easily sociable Mansie, with his tardy Puritan conscience and his daydreams, and the awful bathos of his final reconciliation with Tom's corpse, is a figure of straw to Tom's quite presentable wooden one; and the mother of the two boys, who ought to be important, makes even less impression. The conception of this story with its Glasgow background was bold and its collapse is disappointing, because Mr. Muir has real imagination and by fits and starts his alchemy is successful.

O. M.

THE GODS ARRIVE **EDITH WHARTON**

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SHORTER NOTICES

Dr. James Barry: Her Secret Story. By OLGA RACSTER and JESSICA GROVE. Howe. 8s. 6d.

It was discovered, when the Inspector-General of the Army Medical Department died in 1865, that "he" was a woman and had been, in early life, a mother; and an official report to that effect was sent to the Horse Guards. Excited by this discovery the authors have not been able to resist writing the general's journal for her—and the book, therefore, comes under the heading of imaginative biography. It is needless to remark that there is more, much more, imagination than biography. As a document it is ill-supported by facts, as a novel it is without construction, as a picture of colonial life it is unconvincing. Its only appeal (and this is suspect—at least from a literary point of view) lies in the doctor's difficulties—she was a dapper figure—with her own sex.

Henry VII's Relations with Scotland and Ireland, 1485-1498. By AGNES CONWAY. With a Chapter on the Acts of the Poynings Parliament, 1494-1495. By EDMUND CURTIS. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

In spite of the author's prefatory warning that this is a dry book, it is curiously interesting for the light it throws upon Henry's indefatigable diplomacy, and upon the faithfulness with which he was served by new and little known men. The thirteen years covered were the most threatening of the reign, for the Yorkist party was still active, and Ireland and Scotland presented convenient bases for the intrigues which culminated in the successive adventures of Perkin Warbeck, a Pretender whose imposture might have become dangerous if Henry's ability and vigilance had not countered every move of his adversaries. By sheer statecraft Henry turned the rebellious Irish lords into friends, and by using the Scottish lords who had supported the

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An account of Nell Gwyn and her Environment. By CLIFFORD BAX. Demy 8vo., illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. Mr. Clifford Bax is no stranger to Nell Gwyn or to the Seventeenth Century. Playgoers will remember the brilliant success of his ballad-opera "Mr. Pepys," in which Nell (played by Miss Isobel Jeans) was the chief woman character. This book presents for the first time an orderly and chronological account of the romantic vicissitudes which brought Nell from a slum and a brothel to a theatre and thence to St. James's Palace and a mansion in Pall Mall. (*Ready shortly.*)

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By J. A. R. STEVENSON. Medium 8vo., illustrated, 15s. net. The dignity of craftsmanship has been extolled by more than one author—but in most cases he has been no craftsman himself. There have been too few of the stamp of Benvenuto Cellini, able to bring a dexterity of craftsmanship within the reach of a nimble pen. We venture to think that since the Italian wrote his autobiography there has been no such book as "The Din of a Smithy," by J. A. R. Stevenson. (*Ready shortly.*)

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murdered James III as spies upon the Government of James IV he manœuvred Scotland into ways of peace. The record of these years is often that of the King's privy purse; and rarely have royal balance sheets been turned to such ingenious account.

Horn, Hoof and Corn. VISCOUNT LYMINGTON. Faber and Faber. 6s.

In addition to being a practical agriculturist of wide experience, Lord Lymington is a forceful writer who knows what he wants from both State and farmer. Like all thoughtful men, he realises the dangers that must arise if we proceed to make absolute the decree of divorce between the Englishman and his native soil, for no better reason than that corn and meat can be raised overseas. He asks for a short-term policy to help farmers and a long term policy to refit the land, and he maintains that the millers could pay 40s. for home-grown wheat with a guaranteed price and without a Government subsidy. At the present price of bread few will disagree with him. On imported malting barley he would like to see a tax of 10s. per quarter. He would prohibit the import of skim condensed milk and skim powdered milk, and here, too, he is on safe ground. He sees immense possibilities of live-stock expansion and would reduce the number of intermediaries in the meat trade: "over 600 shops and some 4,000 to 6,000 attendants for the *cutting up* trade of Gentile London alone," he remarks indisputably, "is out of proportion to the requirements." If the landlord is to continue, Lord Lymington holds that death duties must go. But apparently they bring in three million pounds a year from agricultural land, and this must be deemed a high price to pay for landlords, provided we can enjoy a sane and settled land policy without them: a policy that politicians will leave undisturbed. Such a condition of affairs is not unthinkable.

The Jesuits and the Great Mogul. By Sir EDWARD MACLAGAN. Burns Oates and Washbourne. 17s. 6d.

One need not be much preoccupied by the Catholic Church to find in the history of Jesuit enterprise a singular and very human fascination. We know something—though still not enough—of the work they accomplished at the Chinese court, and every tourist who has spent a few weeks in Peking will have visited either their Observatory, with its wonderful bronze astronomical instruments, or the ruins of the old Summer Palace (destroyed by Lord Elgin in the 'sixties), where a whole quarter was designed by them in Western style, with rococo summer-houses, fountains, mazes and "follies," for the liberal-minded Emperor Ch'ien Lung. At the court of the Moguls they were as industrious but, it would appear, somewhat less influential. Sir Edward Maclagan, re-telling their story, stresses their effect on Mogul art and the clever use that they made of Western pictures. The Jesuit missionaries added to a devout faith—and that they were devout and disinterested one cannot deny—a shrewd understanding of human nature, coupled with an unequalled gift for organisation.

SINO-JAPANESE BIBLIOGRAPHY.

In connection with our supplement of last week, a reader writes to ask who is the publisher of the Lytton Report. It is published at 10s. by Allen and Unwin, 40, Museum Street, W.C.1.

Allen and Unwin are the League of Nation official publishers in this country, and can supply verbatim records of the special Assemblies' discussions, and all documents and reports relevant to the Sino-Japanese issue.

The League of Nations Year Book, edited by Judith Jackson and F. King Hall, which was mentioned in our Bibliography last week, is published by Ivor Nicholson & Watson, Essex Street, Strand.

We can supply a fuller bibliography on the Sino-Japanese situation to any interested reader.

About Motoring

OLYMPIA

THIS year's Show reveals three very interesting tendencies. The first is forced upon the industry by sheer pressure of circumstances, and would never have been adopted voluntarily. It consists of concentrating the principal attention upon the small and inexpensive cars. Large and costly cars are still being designed, built and sold—Olympia actually stages in the shape of the Golden Bugatti, the largest and costliest car ever produced. But the sales of low-priced, medium-sized family cars are shrinking. Dealer after dealer will tell you that the bulk of his inquiries are for cars of the baby type. The second tendency is the sudden boom in foolproof transmissions, a boom which is extending with every week that passes. It is pleasant to observe that the British industry triumphs in this sphere. America has produced the synchro-mesh gear, the free-wheel, and the automatic clutch; this latter device is still unfamiliar to most drivers, but is really quite simple, for a suction device automatically withdraws the clutch whenever the throttle is closed. None of these gadgets, either singly or in combination with another, furnishes quite so logical and convenient a transmission as the Wilson pre-selector gear flanked by the Daimler fluid flywheel. The E.N.V. Engineering Company at Willesden possesses works of the highest class in the gear-cutting trade, and for years past has provided component axles and gear boxes to many factories which never acknowledged their indebtedness. It has now laid down plant to produce the Wilson gear box in various sizes and in unlimited quantities. An immediate consequence is the publication of many eleventh hour announcements that this gear box may be specified as an option on various well-known makes of car previously equipped with the conventional pattern of drive, or at best with a "silent third" type of box. It is possible that the Wilson box may become almost universal on British cars exceeding the minimum price limit. There is no real need for a fluid flywheel, automatic clutch, or free-wheel to be installed in front of such gear boxes; a driver must be a fool indeed if he cannot drive prettily with a standard clutch and this gear box. Time must elapse before the average motorist can decide whether he warmly approves of the modern clutch systems or not. But there is no possible vestige of doubt that the average motorist wants a simplified gear-change, and the old gear boxes are without exception moribund.

The third 1933 tendency is less healthy, for it consists simply of speed. The Golden Bugatti can do ninety miles an hour on the middle of its three gears. A small M.G. two-seater, priced at less than £200, is capable of eighty miles an hour on the flat. The new M.G. Magnette, with an engine of no more than 1086 c.c. and priced at £695 in its supercharged form, is expected to travel at 130 miles an hour on occasions. If the standard saloon cars of all sizes and prices are content with a beggarly sixty to seventy miles an hour, the market is now flooded with much faster cars designed to put up racing speeds on demand; and many of these projectiles are quite absurdly cheap. It is true that their owners will normally adopt a self-denying ordinance, and employ the vivacity of their new purchases to overtake swiftly and to evince crashing acceleration where acceleration is demanded. But a percentage of the purchasers of these cars will be

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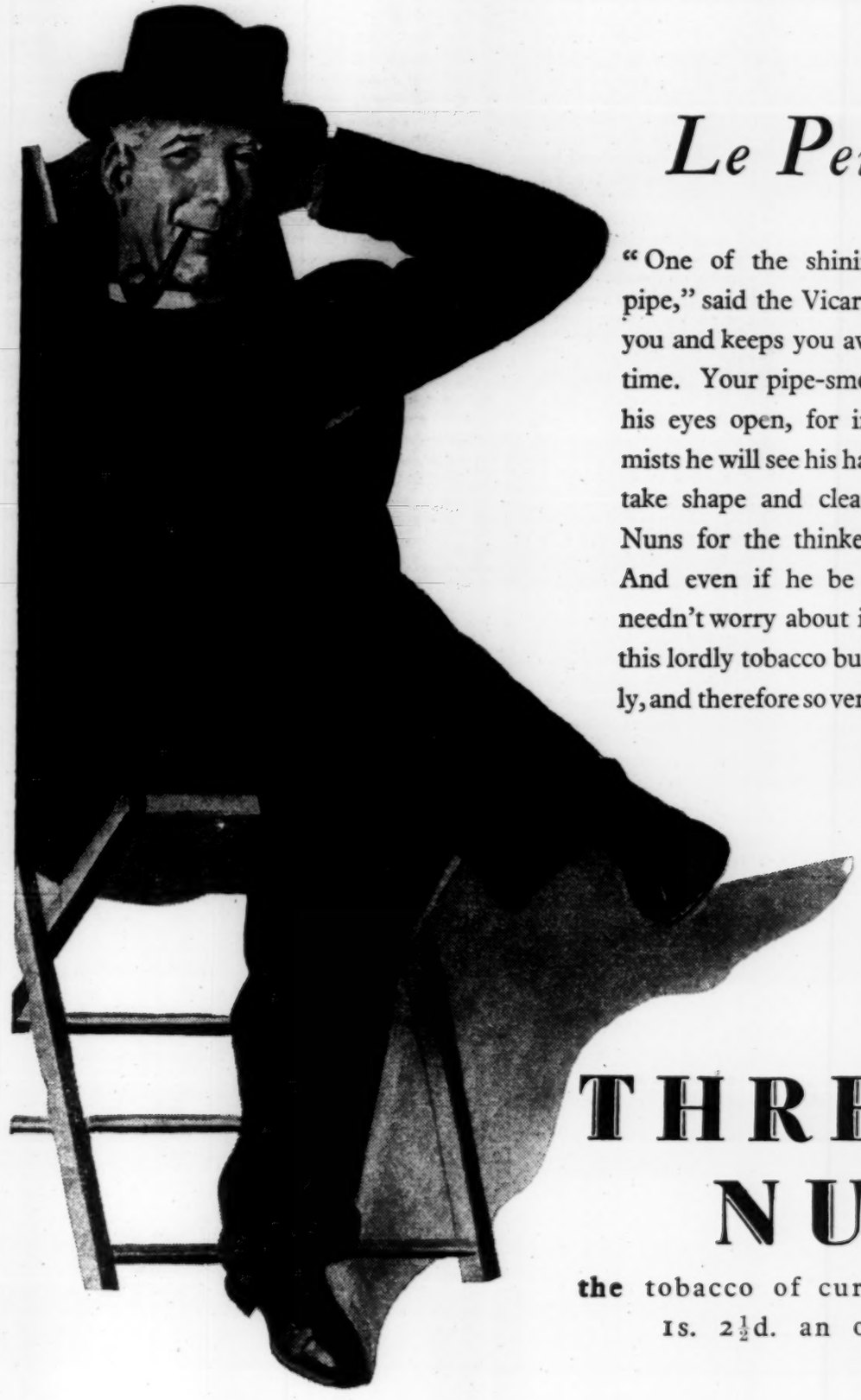

Le Penseur

"One of the shining virtues of a pipe," said the Vicar, "is that it rests you and keeps you awake at the same time. Your pipe-smoker dreams with his eyes open, for in those fragrant mists he will see his half-born thoughts take shape and clearness . . . Three Nuns for the thinker, I always say. And even if he be a poor man he needn't worry about its price, because this lordly tobacco burns so very slowly, and therefore so very economically."

THREE NUNS

the tobacco of curious cut—
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self-indulgent, and enjoy sheer speed. A wise modern Government may yet be driven to take cognisance of these projectiles, and limit their ownership to experienced drivers. Within a year or two the temperate designers, who regard 60–70 m.p.h. as a rational road limit for ordinary people, may find that their hands are being forced by the speed enthusiasts. Henry Ford ranks as a sedate manufacturer, so far as the sporting side is concerned; but his new V-8 model can touch eighty on the level, and possesses the performance of a super-sports car in the 1930 vintage. It is possible that by 1935 any car which can only achieve a laborious 65 m.p.h. may be contemned by motorists in general as the original Trojan two-stroke car with solid tyres was contemned by the speed maniacs. Any radical increase in average touring speeds is likely to raise the danger factor on such roads as ours. Safety on the roads depends to no small degree on road users adhering to a tolerably standard speed, for our highways are for the most part too winding and too narrow to accommodate mixed traffic, proceeding at a great variety of speeds. Much of the existing danger arises from the presence on the roads of vehicles which only average 18–25 miles an hour, and which, being constantly overtaken by impatient people who desire to average 35–40 m.p.h., create an eternal succession of traffic eddies. These "creepers" are mechanically or constitutionally unable to maintain the higher speed. Of the fast drivers, a large percentage—probably two-thirds—either cannot or will not travel still faster. If we superimpose on these two classes of traffic yet a third class, eager to average 45 m.p.h. or more at the wheel of the newer 80 m.p.h. projectiles, we shall get two batches of vehicles spending their road life in perpetual overtaking: and the results may well be catastrophic. This craze for speed contains unpleasant possibilities. For many years we limited maximum speed only. It is now possible to envisage a road epoch in which a minimum speed of 30 m.p.h. may be enforced, coupled with a maximum limit, applied at the factory by mechanical means, and standing at 65 or 70 miles an hour. However, this situation has not yet developed, and it may possibly be solved more simply than my personal forebodings suggest. In the meantime it is not a happy idea that at any moment one may be confronted by irresponsible youth, gaily handling a cheap 80 m.p.h. projectile, and driving it with the enthusiasm generated by a couple of cocktails in an anatomy hardly seasoned to liquor and by the familiar intoxication produced by fast motion on a mind not yet attuned to caution.

For the rest, the Show is marvellous. The comfort and beauty of the coachwork, even on the smallest and cheapest cars; the efficiency of tiny suspensions; the completeness of the equipment, and its amazing ingenuities; the power of the engines; the simplicity of control; the certainty of the handling; the durability of the varnishes and plating; and above all the absolutely ridiculous economy of the typical British cars form yet another tribute to the marvels of applied science, and the grasp with which the human brain can tackle its technical and financial problems in such an age as this. R. E. DAVIDSON.

Playtime

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

No. 13.—OPEN-TOP BUSES

(Composed by Mr. F. G. B. Atkinson)

"Why should I always travel by these stuffy covered-top buses?" thought Mr. Brown. "I know there are a few open-top buses about and I'll keep count of them when I go to see Jones next Sunday."

The service concerned is Route 59, Camden Town and Coulsdon. The buses leave each end at 8 a.m. and then regularly every 10 minutes. The journey occupies 95 minutes and the buses wait 5 minutes at each end.

Mr. Brown lives near Piccadilly Circus, 15 minutes from Camden Town; Mr. Jones lives at South Croydon, 20 minutes from Coulsdon.

Mr. Brown leaves Piccadilly Circus at 10.15 a.m., and alights at South Croydon at 11.15 a.m. Counting the first bus he passes (going towards Camden Town) as No. 1, he finds that Nos. 3 and 12 are open-top buses, the others being covered-top.

Returning from Mr. Jones's house, Mr. Brown leaves South Croydon at 7.50 p.m. and alights at Piccadilly Circus at 8.50 p.m. All the buses he passes (going towards Coulsdon) are covered-top except for one group of three open-top buses in succession.

How many open-top buses are there on the service, and what are their numbers in the series (reckoning No. 1 as mentioned above)?

No. 11.—BEAUTY CONTEST

There are eleven competitors (not twelve, since in the latter case two girls would each have four times the chance of some other girl). In clockwise order, starting with Evelyn, they are: (1) Evelyn, (2) Rachel, (3) Kitty, (4) ? (5) Phyllis, (6) Violet, (7) ? (8) ? (9) ? (10) ? (11) Phœbe. The wording of the problem was not quite perfect. It ought to have been stated that the girls were facing inwards, though this, of course, has been generally assumed.

No. 10.—SMALLS

Sets of Low's Cartoons are awarded to:

1. Miss R. Fowler, Ridge End, Wickham Bishops, Essex.
2. J. W. Kuhrt, 24, Lombard Street, E.C.3.

There were 160 correct solutions.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

1. The response to the suggestion of a dinner has been encouraging. It is impossible to meet everyone's wishes, but I gather there are several solvers at the Universities who would attend a dinner in vacation. I will try to arrange something in December or January.

2. Several queries have reached me as to whether the Caliban problems cannot be republished. The *Week-End Problem Book* [Nonesuch Press] is now going through the press. This is a comprehensive anthology of puzzles, edited by "Caliban." It includes about 40 "Caliban" problems, Intelligence Tests, Word Puzzles, Chess and Contract Bridge. A few of my "Playtime" friends have already seen the proofs.

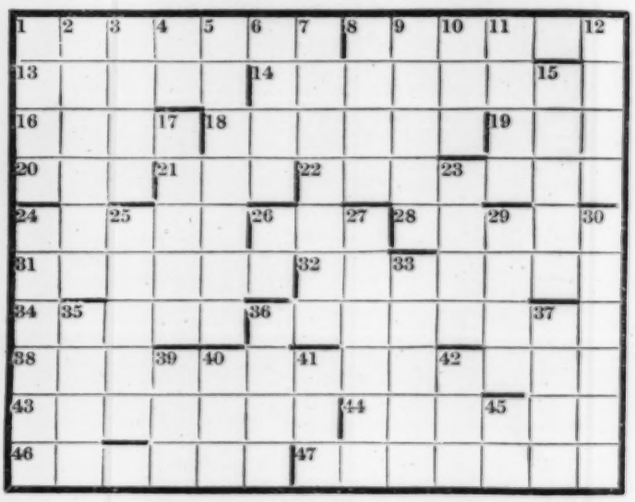
Full particulars of the book will be sent to all whose addresses I have.

3. A number of personal letters await reply. I am very rushed now but shall hope to answer everyone in due course.

Sets of Low's cartoons, in portfolio, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Gt. Queen St., W.C.2, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday, Oct. 25th.

CALIBAN.

TRINCULO'S CROSSWORD



PUSSIES

ACROSS

1. *Incomplete.*
8. *Always in a ferment.*
13. Law of succession.
14. Here be zidur, zur.
16. No lies here.
18. Manichee.
19. Are so backwards in this present age.
20. Now chock-a-block with sound.
21. Historic line.
22. Pretty stiff.
24 *rev.* *Unbending.*
26 *rev.* Scotland's own.
28. Extract.
31. Return of a "Caliban" hero.
32. Sea-dog.
34 *rev.* *Just a curve.*
36. A threatened dimness.
38. Relating to measurements of temperature.
43. Funk.
44. One's muddled in the poem; the other one isn't.
46. *Appropriate music for them.*
47. *Reflections for you.*

DOWN

1. *Headless blockhead.*
2. Familiar in Wild West films.
3. Results of a revolution.
4. Found in every acid.
5. *P.O.*
6. Garment in disarray.
7. Sloe gin, for example.
8. Rude—the reverse of statuesque.
9. Upset in the studio.
10 *rev.* Endeavour at Rugby.
11 *rev.* Hardy perennial.
12. The missing ones turn up?
15. Any wind on this heath?
17 *rev.* Occasion.
23 *rev.* My old Spanish heroes.
24. Watery death.
25 *rev.* Almost in equilibrium.
26. Have a good look.
27 *rev.* There's a lady in this inn.
29. Pour out pour.
30 *rev.* Grass that reads like a vegetable.
33 *rev.* With thee, Cicero.
35. Kind of 32.
36. Has the better expectation of life.
37. I was cut up before Edward.
39. "Broken Billycock."
40. Hoarseness before its city.
41. O do, my lord.
42. Nor is to be confused.
45. As-tu perdu la tête?

Eight pussies have lost their lives.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD.

ACROSS.—1. evangelistary. 13. xylophagous. 15. ye(t). 16. aiblins. 18. unode. 19. charabanc *rev.* 21. rear. 23. e.g. 24. computation. 28. reorient. 31, 46. saimi-ri. 34. baritones. 37. neon *rev.* 39. scen. 40. non-aged. 43. set *rev.* 44. leonine. 46. (See 31). 47. eliminability.

DOWN.—1. exacerbate. 2. vying. 3. albacores. 4. blon(des) *rev.* 5. G.P. 6. chut (hern). 7. (C)asal(s) *rev.* 8. (les)son. 9. trout *rev.* 10. asdie (aside). 11. rye. 12. yearningly. 14. thug *rev.* 17. iam(bic). 20. cass(ino). 22. moa *rev.* 25. oriel. 26. peon. 27. on. 29. easel. 30. Binet *rev.* 32. angel. 33. io. 35. tnei (or-ient). 36. Nona (anon). 38. edit. 41. ani(mal). 42. (sp)ire *rev.* 45. on.

It was tough work

rounding-up Matilda!

When you stand at the mahogany counter, thoughtfully considering the question of your winter underwear, you do not think of poor Matilda! Nor of the gleaming machinery, nor of the army of experts, taking always the best wool from the best flocks, designing, improving, *perfecting*. But for almost two hundred years Wolsey has thought of very nearly nothing else, and so today Wolsey Underwear is known and relied on everywhere. It will wear and wear, wash and wash. Beautifully finished, it will give you real protection and real comfort too. The new winter styles are surprisingly inexpensive and they are as good as two hundred years' experience can make them. See them in the shops.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

GOVERNMENT CREDIT ON A 3 PER CENT. BASIS?—THE NEXT MOVE IN WALL STREET—GENERAL MILLS

NOW that the Government has successfully issued £150 millions of 2 per cent. Treasury bonds 1935–38 at par, the market is looking forward to the time when every rich man will be holding "Treasury Ones" in his portfolio. It is reasonable, I think, to expect cheap money for three years, and there is just a chance that long-dated British Government stocks will sell on a 3 per cent. yield basis before the end of the year. Two per cent. Treasury bonds at par have been described as a bold issue, but when there is a plethora of short-term money and lenders are entirely in the hands of borrowers, it is obvious that the borrowers can drive a hard bargain. The issue is intended to replace the £140.3 millions of 4½ per cent. Treasury bonds maturing on December 1st which are held by the Government Departments, the banks and the discount houses. There has been a good deal of grumbling among the discount houses, for it is difficult to see how they will make a profit out of the issue unless short-money is not only cheap but glut-cheap for a period of five years. Two and a half per cent. might have given them a living, but the official view seems to be that discount houses are lucky enough to be alive in these days and are not entitled to any sympathy. For the investor the important fact is that the Government has merely dealt with the maturing Treasury bonds and has provided neither for the repayment of £165 millions of 5 per cent. War Loan nor for the £114.6 millions of 5 per cent. Treasury bonds 1933–35 which can be called after February 1st next year. Is the Government waiting for a few weeks or months in the hope that it will be able to issue a medium-term loan on more favourable terms for itself than it can to-day? And will such an offer be made not only to holders of non-assented but to holders of assented War Loan? As Mr. Keynes has urged in his recent article on the long-term interest rate, it is important to break up the mass of 3½ per cent. War Loan (£1,920 millions) for the long-dated or irredeemable stocks are in over-supply relatively to redeemable stocks.

* * *

It is probable that the Government is gambling on a debt settlement with America which would improve the outlook for sterling and give a fillip to the gilt-edged market. In that event the Treasury might be able to issue a 3 per cent. medium-term loan at par. At this point it is pertinent to inquire how far the rate of interest can fall in Great Britain independently of the rate of interest abroad. The risks of a fluctuating exchange, the embargo on foreign loans, and the restrictions still imposed on domestic borrowers, provide the British market with a temporary insulation against the shock of interest rates abroad. Certainly British Government credit is entitled to improve, while in France and America budgets are unbalanced and surpluses on international account are running off. British Government long-dated loans have now risen to a level yielding about £3 7s. 6d. per cent., while the new 4½ per cent. 75-year French Rentes can be bought (in their assented form) at 101 to yield £4 9s. per cent. There is a limit to this disparity in interest yields and, in view of the uncertainties of the political and financial situation abroad, the Government may be well advised to issue a medium-term loan immediately, say a 3 per cent. for 15 years at 97¾ to yield approximately £3 4s. per cent. on redemption. If this loan were offered to the holders of assented as well as non-assented War Loan it would be a wise move. The following table shows the present market prices of the long-dated British Government stocks and the prices to which they will have to rise to yield 3 per cent.

	Price.	Yield %. £ s. d.	Price to Yield 3%.
Consols, 2½%	76	3 6 0	83⅓
War Loan Assented (3½%)	101⅝	3 10 0	116⅔
Conversion, 3½%	100½	3 9 6	116⅔
Local Loans, 3%	88¼	3 8 0	100

* * *

Now for Wall Street. The summer recovery lasted over two months—July 8th to September 21st—during which the Dow Jones index for industrial shares rose 34 points, or 82 per cent.; for utilities 16½ points, or approximately 100 per cent.; and for railroads 23 points, or 174 per cent. By October 11th the industrial index had dropped 16½ points, the utility 7½ points, and the railroad 12½ points. In other words, the markets had lost about half their rise in less than half the time. The silly part of it is that the rise went on without actual evidence of a business improvement, while the fall has continued in spite of evidence of better business. Thus Wall Street is becoming more and more mental. It booms when the mind joyfully anticipates: it slumps when the spirit is disappointed with realities. The evidence of business recovery, being little more than seasonal, was the signal for despondency. The fact that business indices have reached their highest level since the middle of June, with steel operations increasing from 12 per cent. to 18 per cent., has been ignored. Disappointment has also overtaken the commodity markets and there has been a sharp reaction in prices. Cotton has broken badly not because the official estimates indicated a favourable crop but because the estimates were higher than a too-optimistic market had anticipated. All this indicates the danger of a precipitate advance in the security markets. If the pace becomes too hot, there is the inevitable break followed by a return of caution and an unwillingness on the part of banks to use their increased resources. Thus the recovery is again held up. I do not believe that the market will break below its low points of July 8th (these were financial panic levels), but I think that the next sustained upward move will not come until there is a recovery in the bond market, that is, until the banks have confidence again to employ their idle resources. It may be that this will wait upon the elections.

* * *

Poor President Hoover has again lost favour, for he has revealed to Americans what only wicked foreigners knew—that America last spring was within a fortnight of being driven off the gold standard. That this should upset the stock markets is natural, for foreign balances in New York are now mainly in securities rather than in free balances, so that any foreign alarm hits Wall Street directly. A Democratic president has always been regarded by Wall Street as a bear point. Personally I take the opposite view, for with Mr. Roosevelt at the White House there is a better chance of a sensible debt settlement and a lower tariff policy. The real bear point for Wall Street would be a political stalemate—that is, a return of Mr. Hoover with a Democratic House of Representatives. Let us examine Mr. Roosevelt as a market factor. What has he said about honest business? He has attacked the scandals of the big holding company, but who loves them after the collapse of the Insull-Middle West Utilities combine? He has attacked the charges of the utility companies, advocating the "prudent investment" principle of property valuation, but who can deny the equity of valuing a property on the basis of the actual money invested in it "provided the investment has been made with reasonable prudence"? This principle has been recognised in decisions of the Supreme Court as one of the elements to be used in rate fixing. If Mr. Roosevelt can clean out the Augean stables of American finance, there will be a boom in the shares of the honestly financed and fairly profit-making companies.

* * *

Here let me introduce General Mills—not the V.C., D.S.O., etc.—but General Mills Incorporated, the biggest milling company in America. This is an honest company which does not speculate in wheat, but hedges its purchases of wheat by the sales of flour or by the sale of future wheat on the grain exchanges. The Company which is a combine of milling companies, distributes well-known brands of flour, the best-known being "Gold Medal," on the advertising of which $40 millions have been spent for the last fifty years. Yet "goodwill" figures in the Company's balance-sheet at $1. In addition to flour, the Company markets package food products, the best-known being "Wheatics." Sales have, of course, fallen but the net income for the year ended May, 1932, was slightly higher than in the preceding year, and only 10 per cent. below 1929–30. Dividends of $3 per share per annum have been paid since the combine's organisation in 1928. This rate of dividend should be maintained as earnings last year amounted to $3.93 and this year are estimated by Standard Statistics at $4. The shares have a good market record and the range between high and low prices in 1930 and 1931 was 20 points. This year the shares have fallen from 37 to 28 and have recovered to 45, at which price the yield on the basis of $3 dividends is 6.67 per cent. This, I maintain, is a better share than that of any food company in Great Britain. Moreover, the dividend yield is higher and the chances of capital appreciation greater.

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„ 23rd. PHILOSOPHY—DR. L. S. STEBBING, M.A., D.LITT.: "DO WE THINK CLEARLY?"
„ 30th. THE FAMILY—EDITH HOW-MARTYN, M.Sc.: "MODERN FAMILY LIFE."
Nov. 6th. PSYCHOLOGY—DR. J. C. FLUGEL, B.A., D.Sc.: "PSYCHOLOGY AND CIVILISATION."
„ 13th. INTERNATIONALISM—DR. G. P. GOOCH, M.A., D.LITT., F.B.A. (President Historical Association, 1932–25): "ARMISTICE ADDRESS."
„ 20th. RACIAL—LORD SNELL, C.B.E.: "ZIONISM AND THE REVIVAL OF ANTI-SEMITISM IN EUROPE."
„ 27th. SEX—MRS. JANET CHANCE (Author of "The Cost of English Morals."): "INTELLECTUAL INTEGRITY AND SEX MORALS."
Dec. 4th. LAW—MR. ALEXANDER F. DAWN, B.A.: "TOLERATION OF SPEECH AND PRESS IN ENGLAND TO-DAY."
„ 11th. LITERATURE.—MR. LIONEL BRITTON (Author of "Hunger and Love," "Brain," etc.): "ART AND THE MULTITUDE."
„ 18th. SCIENCE—MR. T. SYDNEY DAWN, B.Sc., A.I.C.: "WHERE IS SCIENCE LEADING US?"

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A Course of three Lectures on "LA FORMATION DE LA NATIONALITÉ FRANCAISE" will be given (in French) by Professor FERDINAND LOT (Professor of the History of the Middle Ages, at the Sorbonne, Paris) at KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON (Strand, W.C.2), on OCTOBER 24th, 27th and 28th at 5.30 p.m. At the first Lecture the Chair will be taken by Miss E. C. Lodge, C.B.E., D.Litt., M.A., F.R.Hist.S.
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COMPANY MEETING

HARRISONS & CROSFIELD, LIMITED.

Presiding at the Annual Meeting of Harrisons & Crosfield, Limited, on Wednesday, Mr. Eric Miller dealt with the main features of the Balance-Sheet, and expressed modest satisfaction that the Company had come through the stormiest year in living memory with so little damage.

The Tea and Rubber Industries were then reviewed and in connection with the latter he said: "I would like once again to draw attention to the rapid disintegration of our city streets under the stress of modern traffic, and to urge the authorities to realise that a roadway paved with rubber blocks properly anchored is no longer a proposition to be viewed with doubt or to be turned down because of its higher initial cost. I cross London Bridge every day, and have no hesitation in saying that its road surface paved with wood blocks, large stretches of which have been renewed, is to-day in a condition of such unevenness that the jolting of the heavy traffic must be definitely bad for the structure of the bridge. It is years since Waterloo Bridge was seriously damaged, and the authorities have not yet decided what to do about it. If anything went wrong with the structure of London Bridge, think of the cost to the community of the ensuing traffic congestion, apart altogether from the cost of repairing the bridge! We have proved under the severest tests that rubber-capped blocks can be properly anchored to the road, and that they give a road surface incomparably superior to any other material. We know that many of the leading surveyors are convinced that rubber roads are now a commercial proposition. I would therefore urge that those holding the purse-strings should recognise that the outstanding qualities of a proper rubber roadway and its prospective long life justify its adoption as the cheapest and best road surface for all heavy traffic areas.

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The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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THE HOGARTH PRESS

Selected List of Autumn Books

No man, looking through the publishers' lists, can make a selection of many books and declare, "These are the best books." All that is tried in these pages is to give a representative selection from the volumes promised for the season. Books already published are, as a rule, excluded, so I hope no one will write and ask if there is any explanation of the absence of a book which may be reviewed in this very number of The New Statesman and Nation. A young friend, of severe views, suggested that, instead of these lists, I should name one book in each section, one book only of outstanding merit. That, however, is the business of our critics. I know myself to which volumes I am looking forward with excitement, and to which with mere apprehension, and to which with pleasure. It is a commonplace that too many books are published; and it is a commonplace that there are always time and room for first-rate work in any branch of art. The number of books to be published may seem excessive to some; but after all, in these days when so many vendors of necessaries and delights are still despondent, may we not rejoice that the publishers are not depressed?

R. E. R.

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The Discoveries of Tell Halaf. Baron Max von Oppenheim. Putnam. 21s.
Origins of Sacrifice. E. O. James. Murray. 10s. 6d.
The Pagan Tribes of the Nilotic Sudan. C. G. Seligman and B. Z. Seligman. Routledge. 31s. 6d.
Greek Coins. Charles Seltman. Methuen. 25s.
The Great Wall of Hadrian in Roman Times. Paul Brown. Heath Cranton. 5s.
Magic and Mind. Dilston Radclyffe. Black. 2s. 6d.

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Characteristics of French Art. Roger Fry. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.
Sir James Guthrie: A Biography. Sir James L. Caw. Macmillan. £5 5s.
A Portfolio of Thirty Heads. Wyndham Lewis. Harmsworth. £2 2s.
Raphael: and the Modern Use of the Classical Tradition. Sir Charles Holmes. Christophers. 6s.
Real Architecture: The Rights and Wrongs of Taste. Thomas Henry Lyon. Heffer. 3s. 6d.
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A Commemorative Catalogue of the Exhibition of French Art. Oxford University Press. 38s.
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Lord Adrian. Lord Dunsany. Golden Cockerel. £1 1s.
Daisy Matthews and Other Tales. Rhys Davies. Golden Cockerel. £1 1s.
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Jonathan Wild. Henry Fielding. Golden Cockerel. 30s.
A Vision of Judgment by Robert Southey and The Vision of Judgment by Lord Byron. Raven Press. 45s.
Fairy Tales by Andersen. Illus. Arthur Rackham. Harrap. 25s.
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